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NOTES OF THE WEEK

FINAL figures show an electorate of 25 millions, with an excess of women over men of 1,357,776. They will have a choice of 1,729 candidates to vote for. What proportion of them will go to the polling stations? It is a "record" election in point of candidates and electors, but there are no signs that this increase in numbers is accompanied by any increase in interest or that the percentage who register their votes will also be a "record." With so many three-cornered contests the thing is more of a gamble than ever. Many electors by voting for the candidate of their choice may only succeed in putting a rival candidate in. This is "representative government." Before the next issue of this REVIEW is in print, the ball will have stopped rolling and the players will be reckoning their gains and losses.

At the dissolution there were 396 Conservatives, 160 Socialists, 46 Liberals; the remaining 13 seats were Independent or vacant. Although they can have little or no chance in many of the constituencies they are contesting, the Liberals have put up 512 candidates—only 78 fewer than

the Conservatives, though their representation in the last Parliament was considerably less than one-eighth of the Government representation. Unlike the Conservatives, who have lost two seats by deciding not to contest Fermanagh and Tyrone (where Nationalist candidates were returned unopposed on Monday), they are fighting forlorn hopes. Their tactics are plain. They may forfeit deposits, but every vote cast for Liberalism will in their view strengthen the case for electoral reform, the more so, indeed, if their representation in Parliament should remain small. They are therefore prepared to forfeit deposits in the hope that they will be able to point to a large total poll for their party and to a big disparity between votes and elected members. Then, presumably, they hope to be strong enough to force a measure of electoral reform upon one or other of the larger parties. Our own view of this matter has been often expressed. We do not believe Conservatives can count on keeping indefinitely the luck of the three-cornered gamble.

Report has it that Mr. Baldwin has already decided on a number of changes in his Cabinet. According to these statements it seems to be a case of *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. One of the appointments must be accepted as more

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than rumour, for Sir Austen Chamberlain has announced with his own lips that the Prime Minister has asked him to continue at the Foreign Office and that he has accepted. We have never concealed our belief that Sir Austen at the Foreign Office is a very square peg in a round hole, and we cannot feel that there is adequate compensation for his reappointment in the reported decision that "Jix" is not to continue at the Home Office, and perhaps not anywhere. Mr. Churchill is apparently to stay at the Exchequer and Mr. Neville Chamberlain at the Ministry of Health, where he will have charge of an important Government measure for relief of the slums. Several Ministers are said to be swapping offices on the general post principle—always provided, of course, that they get back to Parliament and, having done so, find themselves on the side with a majority. We sincerely hope Mr. Baldwin will make room for some new blood in his next Cabinet, drawn from the younger members who served him in the last parliament so faithfully and well, and for the most part without reward. Meanwhile so confident are they of victory that Sir Austen and Mr. J. H. Thomas are both said to be packing their valises to attend the coming meeting of the League Council in Madrid.

The nearer theoretical Socialists get to Socialism, the more do their theoretical preferences yield to practical objections. When it comes home to their businesses, it ceases to be lodged in their bosoms. Witness the recent protest of the National Federation of Insurance Workers. Insurance is one of the things officially marked out for nationalization. 'Labour and the Nation' told us and the Insurance Workers that "no self-respecting party" holding the faith of Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues would hesitate to nationalize insurance as it affects the worker. Frightened into their wits by this menace, the insurance agents remembered that theirs is "a business that has been built up by the initiative of individuals and the free, unfettered choice of the policy-holders." Though not numerically a powerful body, for their strength is only about 10,000, they are effectively organized and influential, and they have been able to bring political Socialists to heel. Mr. Henderson has given a guarantee that nothing will be done without enquiry and full consultation of the insurance workers. So far, so good. But is insurance peculiar in being a business "built up by the initiative of individuals" and the free response to that initiative of unfettered customers? Is there not here a lesson of general application?

Mr. Hoover apparently does not share the view of some of his compatriots that there is anything splendid about isolation when it amounts to a refusal to shoulder the responsibilities, coupled with a readiness to accept the benefits, resulting from the attempts of other governments to develop international co-operation. His decision that the United States should make some concession in the matter of reparations is a small affair in itself, especially since it involves no reduction in the total Americans will ultimately receive to cover the costs of their army of

occupation; but it is a significant gesture. At the same time he has enquired of France whether she proposes to ratify the long-pending Mellon Béranger Franco-American debt agreement. This enquiry, we believe, is inspired less by a desire to get more money for a wealthy creditor than by a determination to settle outstanding problems between Europe and the United States, preliminary to much closer co-operation.

Thanks partly to the increased funds available as a result of President Hoover's readiness to spread Germany's payments to the United States over a longer period of years, the creditor Powers have succeeded in agreeing upon the question of the distribution of German reparations. It has still to be seen whether this agreement will enable the Committee to sign a unanimous report. The Belgians, who suffered severely after the war from the depreciation of the German marks which had been introduced as currency in their country during the war, are now told that they must settle their claim on Germany by direct negotiation. This may lead to the refusal of the Belgian experts to sign the report, and the French may feel it their duty to stand by their Belgian friends. At the same time it appears that agreement has been reached mainly by the process of what Americans would call "passing the buck" to Germany, and it is quite possible that Dr. Schacht will find the safeguards against a possible overstrain of Germany's economic system so inadequate that he will refuse to accept them. Still, the prospects of a settlement are considerably brighter than they were a fortnight or even a week ago.

The expected influx of foreigners to visit the exhibitions at Barcelona and Seville, or to attend next month's session of the League of Nations Council in Madrid, has persuaded General Primo de Rivera to allow various Spanish universities to reopen, although a special circular makes it clear that he will imprison or exile anybody who is suspected of disloyal action against the government. This concession to the universities has been made at the direct request of King Alfonso, and it may check the rapidly growing movement in favour of a republic, due to the feeling that the King has allied himself so definitely with the Dictatorship, and to the fact that there is no obvious successor to the throne. Even the most opportunist considerations must by now have convinced General Primo de Rivera that he made a grave mistake in making enemies, not only of the army, but also of the intellectuals. We trust that his effort to make amends will have come in time to give these two international exhibitions the success which their careful preparation deserves.

The news from China is quite definitely depressing. Unless the Nationalists succeed in routing utterly the Kwangsi rebels who are now on the outskirts of Canton, a renewal of civil war on a large scale seems almost inevitable. General Chiang Kai-shek and General Feng Yu-hsiang are now accusing each other of betraying the principles laid down by the late Sun Yat-sen,

which in Nationalist China is the step immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities. Chiang apparently counts upon the co-operation of Yen Hsi-shan, the "Model" ruler of Shansi Province, to attack Feng in the rear; but quite probably Yen is just as much a victim of jealousy as Feng himself, and will in consequence be reluctant to obey orders from Nanking. If considerable Nationalist reinforcements are needed at Canton, Feng may succeed in capturing Peking. In that event the war between North and South would start all over again.

The German Zeppelin has achieved success in disaster. It left its shed in the worst possible circumstances; its commander, Dr. Eckener, and the French authorities had, as the saying goes, "come to words" over the conditions under which the airship was allowed to cross French territory. The engines broke down, and Dr. Eckener decided upon a return to Friedrichshafen, but heavy winds compelled him to land near Toulon. It is not an easy matter to berth a large airship, and the assistance given by the French has brought from Germany warm and welcome expressions of gratitude. Probably on account of the restrictions upon the building of aircraft included in the Versailles Treaty, the Germans have paid an unexpected amount of attention to their airship, and from the political point of view nothing could have been more fortunate than the accident with which it met over French territory.

Since, late in March, the police arrested some thirty Communists in India the situation in that country has assumed an increasingly sinister appearance to those who judge by cablegrams to the British Press. The bomb outrage early last month in the Legislative Assembly betokened no novel development: the bomb has been a weapon in the hands of seditious Indians since 1907, and Lord Hardinge was bombed in Delhi during his Viceroyalty. Nor is there anything novel in the campaign of threats now being carried on. But the extraordinary military precautions taken at Meerut, when the police were engaged ostensibly in nothing more than ordinary searches, and the anxiety now felt for the safety of high officials in many parts of India give excuse for the interpretation put on them by some commentators here. Without for a moment doubting that there are several areas in western, northern and eastern India in which the menace of assassination is real and the prospects of grave disorder not remote, we decline to believe that India is nearer revolt than she has been a dozen times during the last twenty years—that is to say, a long way from it. The rural population in most parts is as apathetic as ever; the conspirators against British rule, though dangerous in their degree, have no popular following. Only weakness on the part of the central and the provincial Governments could create the situation in which more than one-hundredth of the population would contemplate revolt; and though there has been some muddling and weakness in Bombay, the situation is being well enough handled elsewhere.

The end of the Oldham cotton trouble is proof that, if there are forces making for industrial strife, there are also very vigorous workers for industrial peace. The Mayor of Oldham, Lord Derby, and the officials from the Ministry of Labour have earned more than local appreciation by their persistent and tactful efforts, now rewarded by success, to bring about a truce. The trouble, into details of which it is happily unnecessary now to enter, began with the reopening of a particular mill at Oldham. After a while the workers at it realized that the altered scale of wages meant smaller earnings for them, and presently they decided to cease work. Their action clearly violated the agreement of 1914, whereby no strike may be locally begun without reference of the dispute to the general bodies representative of workers and employers. The defence was that the Oldham mill, by reopening with an amended scale of wages, had itself violated the agreement. In the truce now secured, the particular question is to be examined and an endeavour made to obviate future misunderstandings.

Empire Day follows soon on the death of a statesman who, first of the party to which he belonged and at no little political risk, championed a sane Imperialism in speeches of an unparalleled felicity. He lived long enough to see a feeling for the Empire cease to be the peculiar possession of any one party or class, and to see it purified of spread-eagleism. It is a pity that the significance of the Empire in its other than political aspect cannot be constantly conveyed to the whole body of the nation, which so far as it is being taught to think without insularity seems to be getting its ideas from Hollywood; but within certain limits much has been done, by official and unofficial agencies, not least by the endeavours of some popular papers to depict everyday life overseas. Wireless and aviation are making their contribution. We move towards a more real unity on the whole, but it must be remembered that we have not indefinite time in which to attain it. Other nations, beginning with economic invasion, will conclude by effecting a cultural conquest if we do not use the opportunities of the next decade to the full.

Joseph Weissenberg, of Potsdam, on the strength of communications from the Archangel Gabriel, announces that England will sink below the surface of the sea on the day on which these words appear in print. Then, we are told, will come "a period of great trial for Germany." Well, but what of the period of trial for submerged England? The matter might pertinently be made an electoral issue forthwith. Which party has the best submarine policy? That is what, clearly, it concerns voters to discover at once. The Potsdam prophet tells us that, late in June, France and Poland will assail Germany, who will be victorious in August; but we British, failing a sound submarine policy, will be out of it all. And even for Germany the outlook is not hopeful; for her victory will be in vain unless she, from September onwards, is guided by Weissenberg. We suspect the prophet of pessimism.

LORD ROSEBERY

IF he had never been Prime Minister, everyone would now have been mourning in Lord Rosebery a great Prime Minister lost to politics. He was in politics the most brilliantly gifted failure of our time. When dull men fail they are sometimes reproached with not being able to see the wood for the trees, and the opposite fault of not being able to see the trees for the wood has been suggested as the cause of Lord Rosebery's failure. He never tried to understand the medium of democratic politics, and they took their revenge on him. Others have discovered the cause in faults of training, in moral indiscipline, in his too great versatility, and in his impatience. But surely the greatest cause of all was that he went on calling himself a Liberal long after he had ceased to be one in any party sense.

Lord Rosebery ought to have come over with the other Liberals on Home Rule. He was never sound on Irish Home Rule and can never have agreed with Gladstone's views either on colonial or foreign politics. But the Old Man hypnotized him. Gladstone, who was probably the worst judge of character in our political history and usually singularly out of touch with the rank and file of his party, helped to push him into the leadership, and having attained that position Rosebery then made the tragic discovery that he was not a Liberal, or if he was a Liberal that he was almost the only one left. One need not look further for the cause of his failure than that. It was an impossible position and when he left the party to plough what he called his lonely furrow he took the only course consistent with dignity. For ten years after his retirement he hoped to come back through the instrumentality of the Liberal League, but the great tidal wave of Liberal victory in 1906 swept his fellow-Leaguers into the current and left him high and dry. He had missed his chance twenty years before. Had he then become a Liberal Unionist, he might have died a second Canning.

Liberals tend to think more of the name of their party than of the realities of politics, and though his later views would have been regarded as reactionary in the Carlton Club, Lord Rosebery probably went on calling himself a Liberal to the end of his life. It is of very little use disputing about a name, but the truth is that the soul of the old Liberalism left it some time ago and took refuge in the Conservative Party. Lord Rosebery was fond of exhorting his party to clean its slate and write something fresh upon it, and that apparently is what Mr. Lloyd George after many years is now trying to do. The Liberal principles of twenty years ago are now acknowledged to be the fly-blown phylacteries that Lord Rosebery called them at the time. It was an anti-Imperialist party despite the efforts of Lord

Rosebery and the Liberal Leaguers. But there is now hardly a little-Englander left except in Labour. Rosebery's view has triumphed in the end, but through the Conservative Party and not through the Liberal, on which he vainly endeavoured to graft it.

Rosebery was the first Chairman of the London County Council; but it is the Conservative Chamberlain who is now leading the progressive spirit in local administration to new triumphs. Free Trade, which was once regarded as a deep impassable gulf between the parties, is now only a shallow trench, which anyone can jump across. The principle of the continuity of foreign policy for which Lord Rosebery fought so hard and apparently in vain is now an ideal accepted by all but a handful of extremists. Nor can Liberals persist in their old claim of being the sole trustworthy guardians of international peace, for it was a Liberal Government—with Conservative support it is true—who entered the late war, and the main operative ideas for the promotion of international peace seem now to issue from the Conservative Party. No Liberal who came over to the Conservative Party has ever had cause to regret doing so. When Rosebery exhorted the Liberal Party to clean its slate, he wanted it to do voluntarily what the history of the last twenty years has done perforce. But the new writing upon it has been done by the Conservatives, and the real issue of the election is whether the Conservative Party is not now (apart from minor differences on economic doctrine) the superior instrument for carrying out Liberal ideas and for expressing the mood of what used to be regarded as an essentially Liberal outlook on affairs.

The failure then of Lord Rosebery, who was certainly one of the three most gifted men in politics in the last forty years, is an eloquent warning to Liberals of the fate that awaits those who think of the names to the exclusion of the realities of politics. It may seem to many strange that so much of the attention of the election should be given to a scheme put forward by the smallest of the three parties. The explanation is that it is probably the last effort of the Liberal Party to evolve a distinctive national policy which is neither Conservative nor avowedly Socialistic. There is a great deal to be said against it and some things no doubt can be said in its favour. But one thing that cannot truthfully be said is that it is in any sense Liberal or in the line of apostolic succession of Liberal ideas. The succession has been deflected into the collateral Conservative line. One sometimes wishes that the Conservative Party had kept its former name of Unionist, in a new sense as signifying a union of Conservative and Liberal elements against Labour, which is after all a class, not a national, title. We should then better understand how unreal is the claim of those who are fighting under the leadership of Mr. Lloyd George to the name which they bear.

Perhaps posterity will be mainly interested in Lord Rosebery as a distinguished Minister of Foreign Affairs, and in particular it will wish to know more than it does about his views on the Entente with France. Lord Rosebery made no secret at the time that he disliked the Entente Treaty, and Mr. Lloyd George has recently told us how when they discussed it immediately after its publication Rosebery declared to him that it would lead straight to war. These facts are far too interesting to leave in this half-light. Rosebery, as a believer in the continuity of foreign policy, was precluded from any public propaganda against the Entente policy when once it had been decided upon, though one often wonders whether, if he had been in Lord Grey's place at the Foreign Office, he would not have worked it more skilfully. Moreover, when the war was joined, he was its whole-hearted advocate and not the least of the sufferers from its tragedy.

Did Lord Rosebery leave behind him any papers in which he worked out his views in greater detail and propounded some constructive scheme of a sound British policy? If he did, it is to be hoped that his executors will take an early opportunity of making them public. For many of us are not wholly satisfied even now that our policy of international peace is not capable of improvement and greater precision, and if Lord Rosebery left behind any testament on foreign policy, it would doubtless be a valuable contribution to our stock of ideas.

THE WASTE-PAPER ELECTION

WILL there be produced at the last minute a Zinovieff Letter or its dynamic equivalent by one or other of the three parties? We think not. But if nothing happens in the next four days to liven the issue, this election will go down to posterity as one of the dreariest on record. Except in a few constituencies there is no excitement and not much interest. An independent observer would have some justification in supposing there must be something wrong with a people or its leaders that can face so placidly a critical moment in the national destiny. Here we are, eleven years after the war, still entangled in a net of economic depression and industrial inefficiency, and when the nation is given the chance to speak its mind, argument is forced and flagging.

The electorate needs, as every crowd needs, to be stirred; and this they have not been. For this the blame lies largely with the leaders, none of whom has given, seems capable of giving, a really inspiring lead. We have stated in these columns the need of a fundamental dividing issue if political interest is to be restored. We have also stated, over and over again, our belief that something more forceful, and more forcefully expressed, is required of the Conservative Party if it is to retain its hold on the imagination of the country. Mr. Baldwin has chosen, rightly or wrongly, to be deliberately *piano*. It seemed at one time that Mr. Lloyd George might do the trick; he saw

the need of a lead and he took it, and no doubt on May 30 he will reap some reward. But the reward that awaits great leadership whenever it is forthcoming will not be his, because, although he carries gifts in both hands, he lacks that quality of moral stability which a British electorate first demands and the absence of which it is quick to detect. As for Mr. MacDonald, he dare not lead, though he may be pushed. The election is dull because the leaders are dull and because no issues have been put in clear-cut fashion. The country is weary of sitting in the trenches year after year; what it desires is a return to open warfare, to smash through the Hindenburg line of economic and industrial inertia. But the voice that could spur it on is silent.

We have called this the Waste-paper Election. Our letter-boxes, our hoardings, the columns of our newspapers have been crammed with propaganda. If nothing or no one else profits from the election the owners of paper-mills and printing-presses will have done so. For the most part this outpouring of "literature" has received but scant respect from those whom it has been designed to impress. Agents would blaspheme if they could see the bait with which they had hoped to catch the housewife being put to culinary uses or employed to line drawers. Most of the candidates, of whatever party, report enthusiastic meetings, but these are no sure guide. Lord Linlithgow is mistaken in supposing the good manners of political audiences to be a sign of deeply-stirred interest. There is always a certain minimum of the electorate, actively politically-minded, that attends meetings; the rest, the great majority, stay away, and it is they who decide elections. Moreover, brickbats, however undesirable they may be, do at least signify that passions have been roused. No one can say that a man who throws a brickbat is disinterested. The party organizations, the party leaders, are working hard enough; no one would accuse *them* of apathy. Unfortunately energy and inspiration are not synonymous.

It was a dull Parliament and at the end of its natural span it came to a dull end. No crisis compelled the appeal to the country, no dominating issue divided the nation and abides a verdict. That is one reason for the prevailing apathy. Then the electorate has been so enlarged that it now includes millions who are ready to be roused (as one day they may, to the danger of the State, be roused) when some appeal to the emotions comes along, but who are unequipped to judge between prosaic issues demanding knowledge and wisdom. They find politics dull, and Parliament dull; they are "not amused." People who see in this a danger to the institution of Parliament are not altogether alarmists. Two or three more elections like this, two or three more Parliaments like the last, and the great issue may indeed have arrived, and in a form unsuspected now—the great issue may be the existence of parliamentary government itself, though it would almost certainly not display itself in that easily-recognizable guise.

The democracy we have created and to whom we have given power are a mass whose interests outside their work are bounded almost exclusively by amusements of a sensational kind—films, newspapers, football, racing. They want their

politics simple, and they want them exciting; and if they find them neither, they will simply refuse to have anything to do with them. From that moment, the decline of parliamentary government will proceed at a pace undreamed of at the present moment.

THE ELECTION: A FORECAST

[The correspondent whose preliminary surveys of General Election prospects we published last August and last March, now sends us his "nap" from the course.—ED. S.R.]

WITH so many new factors complicating the electoral issue, to endeavour to prophesy the actual changes in representation that will occur may indicate audacity rather than wisdom. The Conservatives are anticipating an independent majority not far removed from fifty; though Lord Rothermere in an isolation of dubious splendour has suggested—*pour encourager les autres*—the possibility of the Conservative Party finding itself the smallest of the three. The Liberals claim that they will come back with not less than 100 seats and the Socialists that they will win 150 seats from the Government. There being such wide divergences of opinion in the multitude of counsellors, let us take a brief survey of the constituencies and endeavour to estimate exactly what changes are likely to occur.

Northern Ireland may be expected to return ten Conservatives and two Nationalists. There should be no changes in the University seats. The Conservatives should retain the seat won from the Liberals in the Combined Universities; the Liberal should hold the Welsh seat in a straight fight with Labour, while Dr. Little, with the Graduates Association at his back, should retain the London seat as an Independent. In Wales, Labour is casting covetous eyes on Cardiff and Newport, although many trade unionists have contracted out from the political levy. Central Cardiff should be held, but East and South Cardiff and Newport may pass to Labour, who may also win Carnarvon County, Wrexham, Carmarthen and West Swansea. The Liberal gains to be expected are Flint, Pembroke and Brecon. In Scotland, the Socialists will probably win four seats in Glasgow, namely, Cathcart, Central, Maryhill and Partick. Also West Edinburgh, Greenock, both Renfrew seats, Lanark, Stirling, Dumbarton and Kilmarnock. The Liberals look like winning Paisley, East Fife, Central Aberdeen and Kincardine. A Conservative win at North Midlothian is quite on the cards.

The most interesting fight will be in London, which may show a Labour majority for the first time in its history. It is thought that all four Liberal seats may go over to Labour. South Hackney and S.W. Bethnal Green probably will, but I believe that North Lambeth and North Southwark will be held for Liberalism despite the small majorities. On the other hand, the Constitutionalist may win back North Battersea with a split Socialist vote to help him. West Woolwich should be held although its loss has been predicted. The probable Labour gains are St. Pancras (3), Islington (2), N.W. Camberwell, Kennington, Greenwich, Central Hackney, North Kensington and North Paddington.

In the North of England safeguarding may prove a trump card for the Government and offset the winning tricks by the Oppositions on the unemployment issue. In Yorkshire close fights may be expected in at least eight of the twenty-six seats now held by Labour, though a Liberal gain at South Bradford is the only probable change. The *rapprochement* between

the anti-Socialist parties in Bradford should prevent two seats passing to Labour. Conservative support may save Batley, East Bradford and Spen Valley for Liberalism, but West Middlesbrough will probably be lost to Labour. Turning to the Government seats, sixteen may be classed as safe and eleven as doubtful. Bradford Central, S.W. Hull, Sowerby, Cleveland and York should be held. East Hull and North Bradford are very doubtful, and Labour gains may be expected at Sheffield (Central and Park), Pontefract and Wakefield. In Lancashire, Labour should gain seats at Oldham, Preston, Manchester (Hulme and Blackley), Everton (Liverpool, Salford (3), Bury, Bolton, Eccles, Warrington, Clitheroe and Widnes; Darwen may revert to Liberalism. In the remaining Northern Counties the Labour wins to be expected are Barnard Castle, Carlisle, Whitehaven, Sedgfield, South Shields and Stockton-on-Tees, with a Liberal gain at East Newcastle.

Passing to the South, the bedrock quality of Conservatism should hold most of the seats, though Labour gains are probable at Dartford, Gravesend and Southampton. In the South-West area, a Liberal revival is to be expected and Liberal wins at Chippenham, Westbury, North Dorset, North Cornwall and Bodmin may be anticipated. Also a Labour gain at Drake (Plymouth). In the South, however, the three-cornered contest should favour Conservatism by splitting the Opposition vote. Now if the foregoing results should occur, we reach the interesting conclusion that the vote of the Midlands, applying this term to a wide area, will decide the issue. The Conservatism of the Home Counties should balance the Socialism of the industrial districts, thus narrowing the matter to the influence of the agricultural vote. On the Eastern side, the split at Harrow may hand over a seat to Labour, who may also gain South Tottenham, Leyton (2), Upton (West Ham), Walthamstow (2) and Reading. Further North, Labour looks like winning Bosworth, East Leicester, Loughborough, Kettering and Norwich. The Conservatives may win back Northampton. If the Liberal victory at Holland is to be regarded as typical, we may see Liberal gains at King's Lynn, Great Yarmouth, East Norfolk, Grantham, Gainsborough, Louth and Horncastle. On the Western side, Nuneaton may return to Liberalism, while the Labour gains in view appear to be Stockport, Crewe, West Birkenhead Derby, South Derby, Belper, Deritend, Ladywood, Coventry, Yardley, North and South Bristol, Wolverhampton West, Stoke, Lichfield and Bassetlaw.

These suggestions of probable loss are not put forward in any Jeremiah spirit, but are the result of strict statistical analysis; the only assumption that has been made being the obvious consideration that there will be a marked recession from the flood-tide of 1924, and that the suffrages of the electors will favour Labour rather than Liberalism. The by-elections suggest that Conservatism has receded to a position between that of 1922 and that of 1924. This would indicate a holding of 304 seats. If the above forecasts prove accurate, the Conservatives will number 304, Labour 254, Liberals 49 and 8 others. Even on the most generous estimate, the Liberals cannot exceed 113, and a Liberal revival on this scale would hit Labour quite as hard as it would Conservatism. The candidature of some thirty Reds may easily lessen the Labour gains. The appearance of the Scottish National Party is not likely to be of much effect having regard to the Mid-Lothian by-election, but this effect should be to the disadvantage of the Liberals. Finally, speculation is rife as to the influence of the new voters.

It has been said that three out of four will vote Labour—a wild assertion that need not be taken seriously. They will increase the electorate by a fourth. In a previous article I pointed out the probability of "clustering," and, further, we may assume that one-fifth will probably abstain from voting.

In order to win 150 seats, Labour will need to poll at least one-half of the new voters, even assuming the occurrence of the Conservative recession already indicated. Mr. Baldwin anticipates a majority of 46. It may be only half this figure, but there seems to be every justification for the belief that 1929 will see the Conservatives again clearly in power.

STATIST

SLOW TRAIN

BY IVOR BROWN

ALL the politicians, it seems, are going to Save the Railways, and, as an instrument of salvage, the abolition of Privately Owned Trucks is hotly urged. I have never owned a truck and, if one did come my way owing to the generosity of a deceased uncle or other act of God, I should be only too glad to abolish this scandal of privacy by selling it to the Sunshine Line or consigning it to a ripe old age of public service in Metroland. My contribution to Saving the Railways would be less clamorous and less detailed. I would merely like all the directors of our British railways to be examined at any competent department of industrial psychology. For these gentlemen astonish me both by what they can do and what they will not do. Of this I am forcibly reminded four times a year because, like many of my fellows, I am compelled to go a journey on Bank Holiday.

The British railways provide the best fast trains in the world. When the G.W.R. sent its slow engine over to America recently, the Americans were enraptured by the quality of the work in it. If I want to go a long journey from London I expect and usually receive a swift, comfortable and punctual trip. But, if I want to travel on Sunday, I know that I shall have nothing of the kind. I also know that if I embark myself on a slow train to cover some thirty or forty miles I shall be entering an entirely new world from that of Flying Scot and the other notable trains. The same kind of ticket-office will pass me in; the same kind of men in the same kind of uniform will be around and about. But the treatment of me will be entirely different. If I book to Edinburgh, I am a valued customer; great functionaries look genial and stoop to conduct me. I have, as it were, a contract with the company which the company will be pleased and proud to honour unto the last syllable of recorded time-table. But, if I book to somewhere in the Home Counties, I am of no account, I lose caste, I dwindle from a treasured passenger to a bundle of freight. We may start late; we shall certainly arrive late. The carriage will be dirty and nobody will care. This is a Slow Train.

If you are one of those people who can extract some sort of merriment out of discomfort by the contemplation of its absurdity and quaintness, this majestic institution, the British Slow Train, should be a source of endless diversion. All around is the world of the record-breakers, greater speeds, greater crowds, more machines, more system, and here, puffing and preening itself among the eighty-mile-an-hour monsters in a London terminus, is as true a relic of Victorianism as the family portrait-album. The Slow Train has all sorts of curious associations for me. I think of dingy lace curtains, seaside lodgings with the smell of cold mutton fat in the hall, of the old, full matronly dresses, of rumbling horse-cabs and the masses of roped luggage without which no Victorian family could transport itself to Margate. We of the suit-case age seem to be totally misfitted as we skip in and out of the dingy carriages. The Slow Train is a vehicle which settles down for a good stay at every station and its dignified haltings should involve much heaving of huge domed trunks, much bearing of fardels, much beckon-

ing and fuss before it goes wheezing into action and out of sight.

That, I suppose, is how the Railway Directors view the situation. They concede their pet expresses to modern opinions of comfort and convenience, but they are not going to defy tradition altogether. The Slow Train is their scourge and their symbol; under its punishment we are to think of our forefathers, of beards, of bustles and of Inverness capes. The pictures over the seats show the matrons of the 'nineties on holiday at Shrimpton with long skirts, billowing sleeves, and flat straw hats. The guard of the Slow Train was an elderly man in their day and none now has a graver flourish than he when the time has at last come for dismissive gestures with the banner of his office. This guard of ours is something less than monarchical—a chamberlain, shall we say, Polonius with a flag and whistle?

The Slow Train has its great day out on Sunday—as befits a Victorian symbol and corrective scourge. The Railway Directors still believe that the desire to make a journey on the Sabbath is a sin most natural to wastrels and wantons. At the same time, with the true British spirit of compromise, they have decided that the evil thing will not be so evil if it goes on for a very long time. Thus, if the three hours' journey is extended to six, the wickedness of the traveller will be in some way purged by his suffering. It has not yet occurred to the Railway Directors that the motor-car has crashed through the Victorian discipline and that bus, motor-coach, and private car are making the road far busier on Sunday than on any other day. If they do see the point, they are determined to fight the new habit by folding their arms. So they keep their preposterous "Sunday Service," which deflects every possible road-user away from their gaunt, unfriendly stations, and then they complain that the Railways are failing to earn their keep.

Bank Holidays are the really great occasion for the Railway Directors. Why it should be a sign of depravity to use this day for travelling I cannot think. But that is the prevailing belief, and at such seasons the scourge of a righteous indignation whistles across the railway platforms. These impudent holiday travellers must be given a real lesson. On Good Friday a friend of mine wished to go to Manchester from London. He ascertained with some trouble that the usual, rather slow train which worries its way north from Euston at noon on Sundays would be available, but that, on this occasion, there would be no dining-car. That would teach him to take a holiday. When I left Surrey on Whit-Monday afternoon the motor-bus company of the district was running all its services in duplicate, since it actually occurs to the directors of this concern that on Bank Holiday the workers visit their friends and return home for Tuesday's toil. The Railway, on the other hand, did not even rise to the meagre generosity of its Sunday supply. The Slow Train was in tremendous form. Having crawled from Guildford to Woking it then took twenty minutes' complete rest. I think they changed the engine. I suppose that the first engine was deemed too frisky for the occasion and that they had to find a slower one. In the end I covered thirty-eight miles in just over two hours. But the Art Department had done its best for my eyes; labelling a row of lodging-houses at Exmouth as a "place of interest" it had amply illustrated in colours the allure of that stark façade. A fellow-sinner, who also travelled on Whit-Monday but came to London by the Great Western, assured me that his Slow Train had done even better. After halting at all stations from Twyford it stopped altogether at Westbourne Park, so that everybody had to change in order to cover the last mile into Paddington. There was something masterly about

that touch: here, indeed, was a knot in the punitive thong.

I believe myself to be, though a sufferer, reasonable. I admit that, if there are twenty stations in forty miles, some trains must become stationary at all of them. I would not be so rashly impious as to suggest that the Slow Train should vanish like the coach-and-horses. My grievance is only against the usage of this august antique as a rod for those who wish to travel on public holidays. Were I an owner of that now debilitated pillar of Victorian domestic finance, Railway Stock, I might become warmly partisan over this infamy of the private truck; I would certainly fall into a most unsabbatical rage when I saw the captains of the industry busy pushing the Sunday traveller, whose name is now not so much Legion as Everyman, out of the railway station and on to the road.

At the same time let us not be vandal or pitiless; we would not destroy. The Slow Train must not become a ghost-train. It must cover its course once daily with all that solemnity of ritual which has been its first and unfailing passenger these fifty years. There must be the grave cries of "Right away there" as if a leviathan were being launched. The village porter, surging to the crest of his day's work, must fling crates on to the platform with the fine frenzy of one who hurls a discus or puts the weight. Then let him sovereignly bang doors while the station-master, in trim livery of office, commands the busy scene. The captain of our fate must never abandon those magic passes with the green gonfalon of his craft. As our engine braces itself to make its parting from Pottleton Parva and to climb the gradient (1 in 90) to Abbots Pottleton, let us listen proudly to its bravery of sibilant struggle. Then, leaning back and surveying the "places of interest," we can reflect upon the advantages of living in an age of hustle. There is time as well as food for thought. It is thirty-eight miles to London (Mr. Carter, in his intervals of pill-making, has measured it himself) and we have all the day before us.

BANK HOLIDAY ON THE HEATH

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

THERE was no magic in it this morning, but we all enjoyed the fair. It was strange to see our neighbour, the Heath, on which the children go walking nearly every day, so that they have a name for every tree, suddenly blossom so grotesquely, as if it had just been annexed by Cockaigne. We walked up to the Vale of Health past mounds and vats of things to eat and drink. The deep had given up its oysters, cockles and mussels that East London might feast upon its favourite hill. There were coconut tarts so gargantuan that they looked like feather dusters, and ices coloured like the Italian flag. You could have cups of tea—all lovely and 'ot, or glasses of lemonade—all lovely and cold—of a sinister copper sulphate shade. When the English people set out to enjoy themselves, they like to eat and drink at odd times, and what they eat and drink has either to be very hot or very cold. It is a matter of chance whether you try a smoking saveloy or a lump of ice cream, scalding tea or chilled lemonade. No doubt, though, as the day wears on, everything becomes tepid, even the spirit of man.

Well, we all rode on rather dull and shaky motor-cars. Then the children went circling round on tiny horses, on supercilious little cockerels, and

inside dragons. There is something very charming about the very small roundabouts that are turned by hand. A man might do worse than invest in one of those things, for they seem to be fairly profitable, they give pleasure to the smallest and most innocent members of the public, and they keep a man pleasantly employed in the open air. (I wonder what they cost.) Our final flight was on the horses that go up and down as well as round and round, and it was accompanied by about sixteen young East End girls, who screamed out 'Sonny Boy' with the relentless organ. After that I put in some private traffic of my own with the stalls, trying my strength with the hammer that sends a bolt skywards in quest of a bell, and hurling balls—so light that accuracy disdains them—at those whitewashed wooden clubs piled up in fives. There is something devilish about those clubs. They stand there so precariously, taunting your manhood, and yet somehow it is impossible to knock four of them down with three balls and thus win a prize. I would willingly forgo the prize, having no use for large pink vases, but before I die or before the pennies give out, I must demolish one of those tantalizing pyramids.

The last hundred yards before we reached the Spaniards Road was so thick with stalls, so crowded with newcomers, that we could think of nothing but escaping from the heat and dust. We had to press through an Arabian slum. There were two shows, but they did not even tempt us to linger. Prince Marengo's South Sea Islanders, Lily the Fattest Schoolgirl in the World (28½ stone), these are all very well, but nobody in his senses wants to see them at eleven-thirty on a fine morning, with the temperature rising every minute. The hawkers, who were doing a brisk trade in idiotic hats, imitation jewellery, squeakers, toy monkeys, managed to unload upon us—or some of us—a number of mottled balloons and little parasols, at prices that would have the Japanese manufacturers of these articles open wide their almond eyes for once. Some of the hawkers were not doing a brisk trade, I must add. One melancholy little man offered the Smallest Bible in the World, but nobody seemed to want one. And another, still more melancholy, a figure of uncomplaining misery, held out some ridiculous paper things with streamers attached, and said in a hollow voice: "Who'll have a lucky waver? One penny." And he knew the answer: Nobody.

The population of a small town had jammed itself into the vicinity of the Whitestone Pond. There were rows and rows of cars. People were pouring up every available avenue. Through a gap I caught a glimpse of East London, far away, flat, dim, faintly washed with blue. At the corner, a thin untidy little woman, a fortune teller, was holding up the palm of a stout young man, who was grinning at three giggling girls. For one second I could see that palm quite plainly, the reddish-brown warm valley of flesh, the tiny glistening rivulets of sweat. Perhaps there was death in that hand, as there was in Keats's when Coleridge shook it. But then there is death in all our hands.

All the afternoon, people streamed along our road, dragging children, shouting at one another, drinking out of bottles. From a high window

I looked over the Heath, and the people were thicker than bees in a hive. I could see crying children being led out of the Tent for Lost Children by their parents. As I stared down, my neighbour, who has seen a great many of these Bank Holidays, told me how everything had changed. The pearl-eyed boys, the be-feathered girls, the dancing, these were now just as much of the past as a drawing by Phil May or a song by Marie Lloyd. But why be sentimental about the coster? It may not be entirely a matter of sentiment, however, for a man might very well prefer the old ripe and rich East Enders to the new race from those parts, who have never seen a pearl button or an ostrich feather. I have no right to say that I do because the coster and I were never acquainted, except through the medium of art, song, and story. But I do know that I do not like the new brood, the little painted girls, all trying to look like Pola Negri or Lupe Velez, the youths whose get-up suggests a frightful travesty of the undergraduate fashions, with their vacant looks, shuffling gait, and tuneless parodies of the human voice. No character, no humour, no sense, no traditions and breeding, not even the dignity that comes from having a donkey-and-cart of your own. Children, these, of the bewildered Labour Exchange. The spawn of the cinema, screaming and whining and moaning their 'Ser-hawny Boy-er' as they reeled over the hill. All night we had to hear this vile dragging tune, simply because there are clever Jews in America.

It was night when I saw most of them, these new East Enders. The parents and children had gone, leaving behind them a litter of paper that almost hid this green and pleasant hill. It seemed as if every single member of the day's crowd had carried at least one newspaper and several paper bags. But we will not begin to pull long faces over a mass of misplaced paper. If the people enjoyed themselves, their pleasure was worth a little tidying up. If they enjoyed themselves—I do not pretend to understand a Bank Holiday crowd of parents. Half of them are scolding, nagging, slapping all the time, and the other half, rough fellows and tired women, are showing a beautiful patience and kindness that puts most of us to shame, and that is all I can make of it. I do not know whether it is a pleasure to them to scold and slap or to exhibit their solid virtues. Nobody knows. A Bank Holiday crowd is a mystery, and, like all mysteries, it attracts me at first but finally leaves me feeling uncomfortable, depressed.

To-night, however, unlike this morning, there was magic in the fair. Seen from a distance, it suggested that for once the night was enchanted. The hill was bright with strange stars. The lights from coconut shies and wheel stalls glittered among the leaves like gigantic fireflies; the roundabouts shone there, far away, like mad constellations; and the tall helter-skelter, picked out in coloured gleams, was a Caliph's tower, shining in the dark of a storyteller's Arabia. Even the grinding steam-organs, the hooters and syrens, the shouts and the bawled songs, made a mysterious blend of music, a symphony under the moon, which as it floated down the hill stirred and uplifted the heart. A man who had stood there, looking, listening, not more than a

hundred yards from the East Heath Road, and had then been called away would feel that he had been cheated out of a night with men turned gods, and the thought of what he had lost would for ever haunt his memory. And he would be happier than I was, after I had marched across the acres of litter, heard the screams of the girls who were drunk on a bottle of beer because they were so ill-nourished, seen the oafish and crudely amorous play that was neither decency nor carnival, watched the little sluts of the stalls rake in their coppers, and suffered, for the thousandth time, the pitiable 'Ser-hawny Boy-er.'

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

MENTAL DEFICIENCY

SIR,—The appalling fact that there are in England and Wales at the present time more than 150,000 lunatics, seems to justify any suggestion that can be made as to the possibility of preventing further contamination of the stream of our national life. "Quaero," the writer of the very instructive article which appeared in last week's SATURDAY, admits that segregation is "impracticable, and sterilization is probably still more out of the question"; but surely it ought not to be impossible to at least put some check upon the marriage of the unfit.

Whatever view is taken of the origin of marriage, there can, I think, be no doubt that the Prayer Book expresses an opinion which is very generally accepted: "First," it says, "it was ordained for the propagation of children," and, if this be so, it would not be unjust to forbid people to contract marriage who are incapable of fulfilling its chief purpose. It is the propagation of children, not of defectives, which is required by both Church and State. Dr. Worth's statement, quoted by your correspondent, that "the real drudgery of the world is done by people who are slightly defective," is, I am afraid, true, and such people ought certainly to be treated with every sympathy, but it would probably inflict no great hardship upon them if they were regarded as incapable of marriage, unless the woman were past child-bearing.

A good many years ago I was called upon to marry two persons who were both "illiterates," while the bride was obviously mentally deficient as well. They had one son; the mother died in an asylum, as I anticipated would be the case, and this son, now grown up, could never get beyond Standard 3 at school. He is just able to support himself by doing rough work—part of "the real drudgery of the world"—which a fully-paid labourer would be unwilling to undertake. He is an abstainer, and leads, I think, a fairly happy and useful life; but no one would say that he was properly qualified for parenthood. However, as the law stands, if he wishes to marry, "no cause or just impediment" can be alleged to prevent it.

I am, etc.,

Sussex Club, Eastbourne

WALTER CRICK

FREEDOM FIRST

SIR,—Does political freedom lead to social freedom? The recent extension of the franchise to all persons of twenty-one years constitutes a political freedom in Great Britain which exceeds that in most countries; yet there is less social freedom in Great Britain than in

many countries whose citizens are politically less free than British citizens. We have the secret ballot, but also we have compulsory early closing of shops, a bewildering network of licensing restrictions, and orders and regulations without end from various national and local bodies.

The lethargy of parliamentary electors has resulted in all kinds of trespass being made upon our private lives. It is greatly to be hoped that electors will show an interest in their own concerns by declining support to any parliamentary candidates who will not give an undertaking to refuse to allow themselves to be made the tools of associations pledged to impose new restrictions, prohibitions and regulations on the individual.

I am, etc.,

69a Palace Road, S.W.2

B. B. WILLIAMS

COMMON SENSE ABOUT RUSSIA

SIR,—The Russian question is bound to be in the forefront of political discussion during the election period, especially as at least one party is advocating the diplomatic recognition of the Soviet Republic Confederation. Personally I feel that in many ways it might be better if Russia should continue to be unrecognized, but if "recognition" is going to ease our unemployment problem personal feelings must be set aside.

"Personal feelings" are, however, continually allowed to override common sense in regard to Russia, and I persistently see statements made by our anti-Russians and by many who consider themselves "neutral" which absolutely ignore fundamental facts—facts which may be culled from intensely anti-Bolshevik sources. Only quite lately two or three reviewers of Mrs. Krassin's recent book—a book, evidently, which is politically quite ridiculous in many respects—stated that it was "quite clear" that "if there had only been *A Man* the Bolsheviks would have been swept away" at the time of the second Revolution of 1917.

There were plenty of "men"—that is, would-be leaders—in the anti-Bolshevik ranks, but in the largest centres they had no followers. It does not appear to be generally realized that Petrograd the Capital, for example, was overwhelmingly Bolshevik as against the other parties in November, 1917. In her book 'From Liberty to Brest-Litovsk,' published in 1919—a book I have already quoted in your columns a year or two ago—Mrs. Tyrkova Williams, the Russian widow of the late Dr. Harold Williams, and a noted anti-Bolshevik as befits a lady member of the Executive of the Russian Kadet Party (the equivalent of our Liberals, more or less) gives on page 337 the Petrograd figures for the November election to the Russian Constituent Assembly. The chief Parties polled as follows:

152,000 to the Social Revolutionaries.

246,000 to the Kadet Party.

424,000 to the Bolsheviks.

only 17,000 to the Mensheviks.

It will be seen that the Bolsheviks were in an absolute majority over the other parties combined, and of these very many of the Social Revolutionaries were sympathetic to the first-mentioned.

I am, etc.,

J. C. MACGREGOR

"SYMPHROSYNE"

SIR,—Your leader-writer, when he wrote last week of "Symphrosyne," gave your classical readers a nasty jar. But if he meant none other than that well-behaved young woman, Sophrosyne, all may yet be well.

We are, etc.,

"HALF YOUR READERS"

[Of course he did. And he is too proud and we are too honest to lay the blame on the printer, for

Symphrosyne is plainly writ in the typescript. But Symphrosyne is too nice a word not to be used. Why not appoint Sophrosyne by Symphony out of Euphrosyne as the tutelary deity of Community Singing?—Ed. S.R.]

THE OPERA

"FAMILIARITY BREEDS . . ."

SOMETHING almost approaching a permanent company has been created by the various syndicates who have supplied opera at Covent Garden Theatre for the past five years. During that time the names of Lehmann and Leider, Melchior and Schorr have consistently headed the bills, and many of the lesser characters have remained in the same hands. With Bruno Walter and Robert Heger in command of the orchestra, the result, at least in the "Ring" performances, has been an excellent *ensemble*, for the singers have grown almost accustomed to working with one another and with their conductor as they are in their State Opera Houses at home. It is rather astonishing, therefore, to find certain enthusiastic supporters of a permanent opera in London complaining that there have not been more changes in the personnel this season, in spite of the fact that they have no serious criticism to make of the familiar performances.

In one respect there have been too many changes. In neither cycle of 'Der Ring' were Wotan and Brünnhilde sung by the same singer throughout. In the second cycle there were three different Wotans, one of them a most indifferent one, of whom I hope we shall hear no more. At the same time, the whole burden of the heroic tenor rôles fell upon Mr. Lauritz Melchior, whose Siegfried is now worthy of his father, Siegmund. If only he could cultivate a more lyrical style of singing, his would be a very fine performance. It is admittedly difficult, when singers are engaged on short contracts and have other engagements to fill, to secure the continuity of cast, which is not without importance in the presentation of the cyclic characters, and we have this at least to be thankful for, that the present system secures us from having to listen to a bad Wotan on all three evenings.

Among the newcomers, Miss Meta Seinemeyer and Mr. Fritz Wolff have created very favourable impressions. From what I have been told, I should probably add Mr. Rudolf Bockelmann's name to these others, if I had had the good fortune to hear him. Miss Sienemeyer is a most attractive soprano, with a warm voice and a real sense of style both in singing and acting. Her tone was not quite strong enough for Sieglinde's music, but her Eva is one of the best I have ever seen—so fresh and girlish, without any of that kittenish archness which singers of the part so often substitute for real youth. Like Mr. Schorr, who made Sachs a man of strong personality and rich humour, Miss Seinemeyer is able to get her effects quietly, and nothing could be lovelier than the soft notes of these two voices, which have remarkable carrying power even at *piano*.

Mr. Fritz Wolff is a welcome accession to the company. A light rather than a robust tenor, his voice has the freshness of youth and he was able to stay the course in 'Die Meistersinger' as well as anyone I have heard. He is fortunate, too, in having a good presence, and for once we saw a Walther who looked to be of noble breeding and did not act like a "stuck pig." Mr. Wolff's singing is not always sufficiently rhythmical. He tends to break the line of the voice-part, when he takes breath, making a gap in it instead of carrying it onward. This may be a matter of inexperience, for I understand that he is a young man. If

that is so, he must guard against forcing the tone, which is rather thin on the higher notes, or he will degenerate from a very pleasing singer into the class of average throaty tenors, whose only resource, their tone having been ruined by shouting, is to continue to shout until nothing is left.

Regarded as a whole this performance of 'Die Meistersinger' was not so good as one which I heard recently in Cologne with a far less distinguished cast. The reason is that of all Wagner's works, 'Die Meistersinger' depends most upon a good ensemble and here it cannot be achieved even by singers who are accustomed to work together, without far more constant association than these annual gatherings permit. Mr. Walter, too, did not help matters by disregarding the intentions, usually perfectly justified, of some of the singers, who were left in the air. On the other hand his reading of the score had that flexibility and richness of texture which has always made his performances so enjoyable. I particularly like his rather brassy, vulgar treatment of the overture, which sounds the right note, with its realistic suggestion of a Guild Brass Band, for this comedy of *bürgerlich* life and art.

A word remains to be said of the English singers in the cast. From our own point of view, they are as important as the visitors, for they will presumably form the nucleus of any permanent company which may be established. They have done really excellent work and among them the Rhine-maidens must be especially praised for their true intonation and good ensemble. Mr. Roy Henderson has also done excellent work, especially in the part of Kothner, though he might with advantage have been made up to look more like a baker and less like one of those handsome youths whom Holbein drew. Miss Florence Austral and Mr. Walter Widdop are to be given their chances in leading rôles after this article has been written. I can only express the wish that Miss Austral's fine voice had been substituted for the wobbling *tremolo*, which I heard in the last act of 'Siegfried.' H.

BROADCASTING

APHRASE which memory recalls as something like "Twenty miles of unspoilt England stretched before you" (the last *Listener* will give the exact words) set me thinking on Whit-Monday evening. A wise policy has been pursued at Savoy Hill, of interesting listeners in the attractions of rural England and the glories of her ancient monuments. This is a worthy effort. A vast number of people will have had their leisure moments rendered pleasant by hearing speakers like Mr. H. V. Morton talk on holidays in England, or Mr. Fallaize on the English countryside and its history. Those responsible for the inception of this policy of disseminating knowledge about rural England have no idea of the good work they are doing, nor of the deep interest awakened. The beauties of our country lie about us, but we are blinded to their presence (or otherwise how do we suffer them to be so grossly defaced?) and need a reminder to make us take advantage of what we possess. The B.B.C. gives this reminder. Is it too much to ask for a further effort? Could not the microphone be made the mouthpiece of the very real feeling of disquiet that thousands of us now have when we hear of an increasing number of threats to the amenities of the countryside?

Ribbon development has already broken up many a fair stretch of land. And now rumour has it (really more than rumour) that Eastbourne and Brighton Corporations have

decided to link up the two towns with a line of electric power pylons eighty feet high at three hundred yard intervals. The Down country from Devil's Dyke to Beachy Head will be dominated by this tentacular line of towers, and commerce will have won another battle. That is, maybe, a purely local consideration, though the enjoyment of all who have known the Downs in the past will be banished. What is of more general moment is the main fact of this insidious corruption of English countrysides. The B.B.C. has often been approached in the name of one or another good cause, and has never failed. I know of no movement on foot to ask help of Savoy Hill in this matter of the Sussex Downs. But if such a demand should come, I hope it will receive similar courteous attention.

Strindberg's 'There are Crimes and Crimes' got very adequate treatment last week. It is not everybody's meat, and many who had seen it described as a comedy must have wondered where the attribution was going to find any reasonable force. The improbable play goes on to an improbable end, and the astonishing thing about it is the eventual feeling it arouses of something important having been witnessed. To have performed it with such purposeful animation is a matter for congratulation to players and producer.

Two exceptionally notable series of Foundations of Music have just been provided. The first is M. Bonnet's fine playing of César Franck's organ works. The second is of nearer date. It is the week of Debussy's vocal music, sung by Miss Anne Thursfield. Here is a singer who clearly knows how a song should be treated. In French songs much depends on capturing a right nuance, never being over-emphatic. Miss Thursfield can do this better than almost any of our singers.

CONDOR

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—169

SET BY IVOR BROWN

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best Rhymed Curse on the creature who first thought of eating Rhubarb.*

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best description (in 300 words) of Mr. Soames Forsyte selling, for a thousand guineas, a first edition of 'The Man of Property' signed and presented to the seller by Mr. John Galsworthy.*

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 169A, or LITERARY 169B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, June 3. The results will be announced in the issue of June 8.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 167

SET BY H. C. HARWOOD

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a letter (not exceeding 200 words) addressed to The Times by a real live wire who complains that the development of Oxford is clogged by the best commercial sites in that city being occupied by out-of-date colleges.*

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a sonnet containing as large a quantity of Publishers' names as possible. Mere quantity will not be given priority.*

REPORT FROM MR. HARWOOD

167A. No American would write a letter of this kind, as we should not demand the destruction of the Acropolis. Why should he bother about the commercial progress of Oxford, Eng., which he has visited for the sake of its cultured monuments? Nor is it necessary to suppose that the writer was a grotesque Yahoo. Possibly the gentleman frequently complained about the greasy paper trippers leave on the grass, and was only hostile to beauty when it impeded commercial development. The desired restraint was shown by Muriel Malvern's commendable entry, which, however, did little more than restate in epistolary form the ideas given for elaboration. Charles G. Box believes that 247 words do not exceed 200. My Cambridge friends tell me he is wrong and I must regretfully disqualify him, while admiring his contempt for the science of numbers. N. B. Severn fails to carry me with him when he recommends water sports on the Isis, and Oxford sausages to rival Cambridge ones. There are frequently water sports on the Isis, and sausages, like marmalade, might be prepared in the disputable land round the stations. James Hall and Crescens are highly commended for variations on the Morris theme. The first prize is earned by C. P. Sims (Toujours Audax) and for the second I recommend Seacape (Business Man), that monstrous iteration of "business!"

FIRST PRIZE

SIR,—Five flourishing centuries of commercial life ante-dated the appearance of the first student on the streets of Oxford. The present galvanizing of the City to mercantile activity is, therefore, no more than a reversion to type.

A point at which oxen can cross a lively stream was clearly designed by Nature for the haunts of Commerce, not of Scholasticism.

An engineer of good standing assures me that the work of site clearance would present little difficulty. Developments in the neighbourhood have already prepared the way for the work now in contemplation. Foundations could be dug and cranes erected in the open spaces of Christ Church and Magdalen Colleges as effectively and expeditiously as in the heart of London. At the same time, the work of demolishing the smaller colleges and widening the back streets could be proceeding apace. Once suitable buildings have been erected on the central sites nothing can hinder the expansion of the city. It is now up to the business men to say the word.

In the past Oxford has been the home of lost causes. Let her back a winner now.

TOUJOURS AUDAX

C. P. SIMS

SECOND PRIZE

SIR,—Yesterday, for the first time visiting the so-called famous City of Oxford on business, I was filled with disgust and amazement at the gross lack of business enterprise displayed in same. You may be aware of the southward march of industry and also be aware that Oxfords stands, geographically, in the very centre of England; and yet, Sir, valuable sites that might be doing profitable business are employed as undeveloped plots of grass surrounded by lodging houses for students who, with a little

business organization, could well be accommodated in cheaper quarters outside the city. I had always been given to understand that Oxford College was a single building, but in two of the principal thoroughfares, High Street and Broad Street, I counted no less than eight of these unbusinesslike boarding houses; and I am told that there are more. It seems to me, as a practical man, to be high time that the country woke to the facts and that some prominent man of business reorganized the College on a business basis. I enclose my card which you will see contains the name of an old yet progressive business established for upwards of half a century. Thanking you in anticipation.

BUSINESS MAN
SEACAPE

167B. None of the straight entries, if I may so describe those in which publishers are treated as publishers and not as puns, comes very close to being tolerable as verse. Valimus describes how his poems went the round until

When Faber sent them back, egged on by Gwyre,
I broke what strings I had and smashed the lyre,

and saves his sonnet from being a catalogue by punning in the first two lines. E. S. Goodwill is selfish enough to send round an enemy's MSS., not his own, and ends very neatly. But the punsters have it, and I shall not complain if Sampson is made one with Samson, or Bles with bless. The poetic licence is nothing to the punster's. Does "Jewish Art" give Wishart? Is the "Union Jack" really a publisher? No matter; the best six sonnets containing a considerable number of names are contributed by Box and Laidlaw, Morfydd, David Nomad, Seacape and Gordon Daviot.

There is no great difference. All six might just pass as spontaneous, unfettered work. Seacape claims forty-one hits, not all of which could I allow him, and his sonnet, though ingenious, is not quite good enough. Morfydd, humbly content with a mere dozen, which might have been increased by reference to Whitaker, let alone to the W. and A. Year Book, is a stumbling pedestrian. David Nomad I thought at first to be presenting me with an illuminated address. If I were he, I should not bother about anything but legibility. Better for him if he had made his eleventh line relevant. F. A. Laidlaw has to be congratulated on his use of the Nonesuch Press, though he be not alone in it, but the line into which he puts it is difficult to scan. For first prize I recommend Gordon Daviot, with twenty-six names and a decent sonnet; for the second Charles G. Box (eighteen).

FIRST PRIZE

The gay gorse burns upon the hill, the young
Ash buds are black, and in the warren there
The forest things are safe from fowler's snare
A little while; from its brown depths are flung
A thousand bird notes, under its low screen
Long blades of iris stand knee-deep in wells
Of crystal, and the frail white drooping bells
Of windflowers dent the water as they lean.
And out beyond the shaw a sweet gale mocks
At such as parsons stalking up the lane
In gloomy capes, when fields are bright again
With daisies, and the clouds go by in flocks.
The clerk in chambers sees, and sighs to see,
The chapman setting forth to Arcady.

GORDON DAVIOT

SECOND PRIZE

Now cometh boon for bale! I bid goodbye
To musty, murky chambers, wrangling bar,
Mills whose black chimneys dent the sky—the jar
Of motors, newsboys' yells, and chapman's cry.
Not *there* the "Market" shall I scan, to spy
If stock be at a premium or at par,
Nor marshal thought to dodge each reckless car:—
Great Scott! instantan must I go, or die!
Needs there nor ward nor lock; no steady tread
Of constable shall haunt my wakeful hours,
Where Hodge in hurst and lane, remote from dread,
Finds clocks in opening and closing flow'rs,
Where I shall catch, borne on soft breeze's swell,
The long, low murmur of the curfew bell.

CHARLES G. BOX

BACK NUMBERS—CXXVI

THESE are reputations that grow quietly, without haste or pause, so that in retrospect one can hardly say when they were perfected. In enquiry into these the SATURDAY is not likely to be very helpful. By what it becomes me to regard as a providential ordering of events, it has never been directed by men afraid to anticipate the verdict of the intelligent or concerned to keep in line with the general public. What it said in any decade is evidence of nothing but influential minority opinion at that period. Certainly a glance through the files for the relevant years has not helped me to answer the question when Æ was generally recognized as one of the choicest spirits of the age and the most sanely universal man we have had since William Morris. But what do dates matter?

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With Æ, I think, they matter less than with any other writer of our time, because his achievement has been, not the production of particular books, or the doing of immeasurable practical good to his country, but the revelation of a noble way of life. It is foolish as well as cowardly to cry out upon the modern world, which has brought its own opportunities to all the arts and chiefly to the art of literature, but there seems to be something of a maimed man's specialization about most modern artists. Deprived of place in the life of their people, even as a rule of influence on any art but their own, they have developed extraordinary faculties, rather as a blind man develops hearing and touch; but for the rest they have suffered a kind of atrophy.

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I do not mean that they have not "lived" in the contemptible sense in which many female novelists have made their men of hypothetical genius live. Emily Brontë, in her ignorance of the accidents of love, knew incomparably more of its essence than any "What-was-my-last-husband's name?" star of the films. Nor do I subscribe to that heresy of James Thomson's which Mr. Rudyard Kipling has liked to quote, to the effect that art is but a substitute for life. What I mean is that the modern artist, whatever his particular art, is rather like an engine condemned to have only one point of contact with the social machinery, and racing whenever that cog is not allowed it. But art is not the specific gift of an isolated virtuoso. It is always news of a reality which it concerns all men to have and which can be had in no other way. In driving the artist in on the narrowest possible conception of himself we lose through his loss.

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Now Æ is of those few modern artists who have declined to be driven in, and because there has been no violence in his refusal he has not upset himself in his utterance. It is to be gathered from one of his poems, a very sensible as well as a beautiful objection to caterwauling about Ireland's political past instead of working for her future, that he has annoyed some of his countrymen, but it is exceedingly difficult to understand how any man can truly be wroth with this disarming personality. For myself, at any rate, I can say that, though I shiver the moment a writer invokes the wisdom of the East, and discover urgent business elsewhere at the utterance of the mystic syllable, Om, I am meekness itself when Æ, who has so much wisdom of his own,

mistakenly condescends to Rig-Vedas and rigmarole. If he versified Theosophy, I should still endure an hour and see injustice done to his own genius.

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But when I said no man could be truly incensed against him I said "man" advisedly. For women, indeed, are entitled to nurse a grievance against a poet who hymns the manifestation of Beauty in them rather than their beauty. I recall Gérard de Nerval explaining to his little actress that in her he loved the first love of his earthly existence and all those adored by him in ante-natal life, notably the Queen of Sheba, and poor Jenny Colon's most human cry, "But then you don't love me," and her collapse into the comforting arms of the "*jeune premier ridé*." Æ is not less provoking when he writes:

I shall not on your beauty rest,
But beauty's self in you;

and again:

Away! the great life calls; I leave
For Beauty, Beauty's rarest flower;
For Truth, the lips that ne'er deceive;
For Love, I leave Love's haunted bower;

and, with most trying transcendentalism, yet again:

Beauty, as thy heart o'erflows
In tender yielding unto me,
A vast desire awakes and grows
Unto forgetfulness of thee.

I would give something for feminine songs in retort on the poet who reduces the actual woman to a mere repository of Platonic perfections!

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Yet, after all, humour aiding, women also must be reconciled to this poet, for does he not, like them, get nearer to the core of life than man, with his tendency to reason himself away from his instincts, usually gets? He is as practical as a woman. It is one of the marks of the genuine mystic, as may be seen from the lives of St. Catherine of Siena, the two great Spanish mystics, William Blake, and how many others. For the man or woman, especially the woman, with a real vision there is no confusion of boundaries between the things of this world and the things of the other, and the consciousness of a pattern that embraces both does but enhance willingness to discharge the duties of this world. It is not odd that Æ should be a highly capable agricultural organizer and one of the only two men in Ireland who have never lost their heads over any of the innumerable political agitations of the time: it would be odd were it otherwise.

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The man has been more secure than the artist. But what is fallible in the artist matters curiously little. An occasional hesitation in utterance, an occasional makeshift rhyme, an alternation of "thou" and "you" unmatched in any good writer except Hazlitt, too ready to recourse to certain favourite words: these things count for next to nothing against him. He has written the most purely and naturally spiritual poetry of our age; yes, but he has done something rarer and greater: he has written it without a crippling specialization. He, I repeat, and in more difficult circumstances, has been more sanely universal than anyone since Morris. It is as something lived that his poetry comes to us; it is as something quite natural for a poet that we see his practical work for his country. Alone of living writers, he is one in whom the dream and the business are reconciled.

STET.

REVIEWS

THE VICTORIAN ASPASIA

BY EDWARD SHANKS

The Works of Walter Savage Landor. Edited by T. Earle Welby. Vol. X. *Pericles and Aspasia, etc.* Chapman and Hall. 30s.

MR. WELBY has at last completed his long journey through Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations' and emerged upon those other works which receive less in the way of lip-service but which are perhaps as much read, which is to say—not very much. Of these, 'Pericles and Aspasia' is probably the nearest to a popular favourite. It has been reprinted in cheap editions and an ability to speak of it with some degree of convincingness is reckoned by conscientious students of English literature as no less desirable even than acquaintance with the more important Conversations. But how many ever read it for pleasure, or return to it, or carry what they have found there in their minds, would be hard to say.

It is indeed one of Landor's most characteristic productions, with all his virtues and his weaknesses thrown into it pell-mell. His nobler manner is possibly not seen here at its best. But his grace and ease, his humour, which has a touch of the crabbed even when it comes from the mouth of a young girl, his serene and lovely colour, and his taste for throwing a critical dictum into a charming image are all exemplified. So too are his opinionativeness and, most obviously of all, that archness of tone which on certain occasions he thought proper.

One does not as a rule think of Landor as a Victorian, but his *Pericles and Aspasia* are decidedly Victorian figures, and by more than the date of their first appearance, which was a year before the Queen came to the throne. There are certain liberties with history which he does not venture to take. He does not describe the wedding of his hero and heroine, but he does permit *Pericles*, in defending *Aspasia* against the charge of impiety, to use language which, by inference, declares her his wife and to which the realistically minded Athenians would probably have made some coarse retort. He mentions only obscurely the legitimization of their son by the Ecclesia and in fact this child makes but brief appearances throughout the book. There was nothing, apparently, in the career of the brilliant *hetaira* from Miletus to shock the modesty of nineteenth-century England, nothing, even, to shock her own; and this seems to have been considerable, if we are to judge from her letters to Cleone, particularly one in which she apologizes for the tone of a few lines of verse which she has copied into it:

And now I have written them faintly out, I am afraid of sending them: for I remember if ever I uttered such a word as *kiss*, you wondered at me. Really and truly it was as far from wonder as anything could be, and so it will be now; but it was very near a slight displeasure, which now it must not be.

Elsewhere, instead of deferring to Cleone's rigid code, she asserts her own: "It is difficult and unsafe to pick up a pearl dropped by Alcman. Usually it is moist with the salt of its habitation; and something not quite cleanly may be found adhering to it. Here however is one which even my chaste Cleone may look down on with complacency." We may doubt whether *Pericles* would altogether have relished these prim preferences in poetry in his Ionian mistress.

Landor says, in an "advertisement," which he afterwards discarded, that "he who opens these Letters for a History of the Times, will be dis-

appointed. Did he find it in a Montague's or a Walpole's?" One pauses to wonder how far he intends this comparison to be taken seriously. We do not, of course, find the "History of the Times" in the letters of Horace Walpole but we do find the persons and the social life of the times as Walpole saw them, and Walpole himself. We certainly do not find here either *Aspasia* as she was or the persons and life of Athens as they appeared to her eyes. It is not credible that the historical *Aspasia* should have written to a friend: "Do not call me sly and perfidious, if, after tickling you with this feather, I have not only permitted a wicked thought to enter my head, but have also devised a place for it, if possible, in yours." The thought of the mistress of *Pericles* and the friend of *Anaxagoras* as "sly" is incongruous.

Landor is not to be condemned if, so long before anyone else, he thought that he could give life and freshness to historical names by putting their thoughts and emotions into modern dress. The result of this procedure is often stimulating to the generation whose dress is employed. Mr. Shaw's *Cæsar*, talking like a red-blooded Fabian with a long experience as a vestryman, was a useful astonishment at the end of the 'nineties. Mr. Shaw will be lucky, however, if, seventy or eighty years hence, his play is thought pleasingly to exemplify the idiom of the period in which it was written. So much at least can be said of Landor's collection of imaginary letters. *Aspasia*, Cleone, *Agapenthe*, *Peristera* and the rest are not at all like the witty, beautiful and free-minded courtesans of the time, whose names they bear. (*Agapenthe*, coming to Athens from Miletus, presumably to seek her fortune, exclaims, "O what rude people the Athenians are!") But they make a charming picture of the young girls, gay, modest, pretty and tasteful, in whose society Landor always delighted and of whom *Rose Aylmer* was only one. These young ladies did, or so one supposes, write to one another in these terms, if perhaps not quite so well, did remonstrate with one another in the manner of "Torturing girl! and you, *Aspasia*, may justly say *ungrateful girl!* to me." And, when they married, they spoke of their husbands, no doubt, in just *Aspasia's* tone:

Pericles rarely says he likes anything; but whenever he is pleased, he expresses it by his countenance, although when he is displeased he never shows it, even by the faintest sign. It was long before I ventured to make the observation to him.

The transformation is complete: at most, the women of the Periclean circle enjoy a little more freedom than Landor's young friends, but they certainly never abuse it. Their life and that of the men who associate with them is entirely consistent with itself in a sort of idyllic version of the life which the author himself sought wherever he could find it. It is not the brilliant and pitiless life of the real Athens. The echoes of the Peloponnesian War sound dulcet in the distance and even the political enemies of *Pericles* seem to coo their hate of him. The plague itself comes only to put a gentle close to the book. But it is a charming world and it is full of charming people.

Even that archness, of which I have spoken, may be taken as giving a not wholly displeasing "period" flavour to the book, as when Cleone reminds *Aspasia* of a former admirer:

Do you remember the lively Hegemon, whose curls you pressed down with your forefinger to see them spring up again? Do you remember his biting it for the liberty you had taken; and his kissing it to make it well; and his telling you that he was not quite sure whether some other kisses, here and there, might not be requisite to prevent the spreading of the venom? And do you remember how you turned pale? and how you laughed with me, as we went away, at his thinking you turned pale because you were afraid of it?

Elsewhere the hirsute and terrifying old man is truly delightful in his pictures of the life of these chastely light-hearted maidens. I have always felt a peculiar affection for the little Artemidora, of whom Aspasia tells Cleone that she is:

The very girl who preferred you to me both for manners and for beauty. Many have done the same, no doubt, but she alone to my face. When we were sitting, one evening in autumn, with our feet in the Maeander, her nurse conducted her towards us. We invited her to sit down between us, which at first she was afraid of doing, because the herbage had recovered from the drought of summer and had become succulent as in spring, so that it might stain her short white dress. But when we showed her how this danger might be quite avoided, she blushed, and, after some hesitation, was seated. Before long, I inquired of her who was her little friend, and whether he was handsome, and whether he was sensible, and whether he was courageous, and whether he was ardent. She answered all these questions in the affirmative, excepting the last, which she really did not understand. At length came the twilight of thought and showed her blushes. I ceased to persecute her, and only asked her which of us she liked the best and thought the most beautiful. "I like Cleone the best," said she, "and think her the most beautiful, because she took my hand and pitied my confusion when such very strange questions were put to me." However, she kissed me when she saw I was concerned at my impropriety: maybe a part of the kiss was given as a compensation for the severity of her sentence.

It is when Aspasia is in more intellectual mood that we have the poems whose frequent occurrence and beauty help to make the book so agreeable a browsing-ground. Here too we have those flashes of happy criticism which, though they are so characteristically Landor's own, do for a moment make the reader think that this Aspasia deserved her ancient reputation as the worthy companion of statesmen and philosophers in their loftiest moments. Landor was far from being an exact Greek scholar (he read Plato, for the purpose of condemning him, in a Latin translation) but his literary criticism here, as throughout the rest of his works when he has not some prejudice to express, is as acute as it is felicitous, and the remarks on, for example, Homer and Thucydides which he puts into the mouths of his persons are in his best manner.

These are among the plums which one pulls out almost at random in the re-reading of an old favourite. But the book is full of them and it is one of those books which one can take up in any mood, knowing that, if one page does not supply the appropriate pleasure, the next will. Like all the best of Landor, it is a table-land rather than a mountain-range: its elevation is uniform, there are no outstanding peaks. This has led some to suppose that it is flat and low, instead of being merely all of an equal height, and that no mean one. It is unusual to praise it with enthusiasm. But perhaps this new edition (executed with Mr. Welby's customary accuracy and lack of editorial fuss), combined with our growing appreciation of the Victorian virtues and graces, will draw renewed attention to it.

TORYISM AND THE PEOPLE

Toryism and the People, 1832-1846. By Richard Hill. Constable. 10s. 6d.

THIS book deals with the period from 1832 to 1846, in which year the author states "the old Country Party ceased to be counted among the active political forces of the time." It is a chapter in that obscure and still largely unwritten history 'The Coming of the Modern State.' These years are of special interest to students of world politics in their English manifestations. There were three nations in England at that time—not two. England was the first country in which they appeared. Disraeli spoke of the two nations: the rich and the poor. These two had always existed. What

appeared in England in those years was the new nation of the slum men, and the other new nation of the steel men. For hundreds of years the population of England had been virtually stabilized. The new discoveries, particularly the discoveries of water engineering—another chapter, how fascinating and how little known—had made it possible for men by the hundred thousand to live cheek by jowl, and not only to live but to increase. The urban populations began to pullulate with terrifying rapidity. To all this turmoil there advanced the race of the steel men, the machines, bringing not merely a new musculature but a new philosophy. The theme of this book is the impact of these two great forces on Old England, how this last rallied, reacted, strove to find contacts, failed, and was broken up.

The struggle marched across the recognized party lines. The keenest of all the debates were the debates between Sir Robert Peel and Benjamin Disraeli. Sir Robert Peel was, in fact, the Premier of the new order, whatever party label he might be given. The real strength of the attack lay neither in its power nor in its numbers, but in its philosophy, and as no counter philosopher was begotten in Old England, Old England died and was buried. Whether it will rise again is for future generations to behold.

The author gives the decisive event as "The Fall of Rural Toryism." This he attributes to the fact that the whole rural hierarchy, and particularly its leaders, gained no allies from the nation of the slums. This, in its turn, he attributes to the fact that the rural hierarchy, which was the core of Toryism, failed to grasp either the theory or the importance of Ashley's Labour policy, which was crystallized in the Ten Hours Day. The argument is summed up in the passage which follows:

The cause of Factory Reform was not revolutionary but conservative. The leaders knew precisely what they were fighting for: they were confident that, if victory should come their way, they could produce a workable policy ready to hand.

A perverse fate had decreed that Tories who identified themselves with Factory Reform should fail to convert the Conservative party leaders to their views. Measured in terms of positive legislation the contribution of the Parliamentary Conservative party to the betterment of the social and industrial condition of the factory operatives was not particularly valuable. Tories suffered from their fatal weakness: they were politically inarticulate. For reasons which have at this point become evident Peelite Conservatism was not unanimous on labour questions. The attention of the official party under Wellington and Peel was engaged elsewhere. Reforms in the electoral machinery of national and municipal government, Canada Bills and the Corn Law, held a greater interest for members of Parliament than the sordid affairs of Manchester cotton-spinners and their children. The enthusiasm of Young England was spent in battering its force vainly against the stone wall of Conservative party expediency. And when Peel came back to power in 1841 in the character of a Saviour of Society, the pressing fiscal problems which faced the country absorbed the attention of the Minister and his colleagues. Peel was led away from the path of social reform into the great morass which ultimately overwhelmed his party. "All Peel's affinities," wrote Ashley in his diary, "are towards wealth and capital. His heart is manifestly towards the mill-owners: his lips occasionally for the operatives." Whatever the scruples of provincial Tories, the Conservative party sought to ensure its future by an alliance with the industrial interest.

The book is written with lucidity and vigour. The documentation is extensive, though it is noteworthy that frequently the outlines of the picture disappear at some crucial juncture, and leave us with nothing but the assurance that no documents exist. "A strange obscurity," says Mr. Hill, "surrounds the origin of the organized Protectionist defence." The very date of its origin, and the manner of its founding, cannot be traced, even in the daily Press of the time. The Protectionist organization of 1843 was spontaneous: it was widespread: it was sincere: and it fell to pieces. It is the last chapter in the history of voluntary political effort of the old school. It is the first chapter in the history of those vast political engines, whose thunder is even now being heard throughout the whole island from Land's End

to John o' Groats. I write this from the very capital both of the slum men and of the steel men, under the thunder of those engines. It is a fateful thing to read of its founding, in the quiet pages of a book.

WALTER ELLIOT

THE APPEAL TO CÆSAR

The Spirit of Conservatism. By Arthur Bryant. Methuen. 2s. 6d.

The Conservative Outlook. By Sir R. Mitchell Banks. Chapman and Hall. 5s.

The Liberal Outlook. By Hubert Phillips. Chapman and Hall. 5s.

The Labour Outlook. By Arthur Greenwood. Chapman and Hall. 5s.

Is Labour Leaving Socialism? By L. Haden Guest. Murray. 3s. 6d.

THESE five books are all concerned with the General Election in fact if not in theory, but whereas Mr. Bryant is more interested in abstract principles, and Dr. Haden Guest in one aspect of the Labour Movement, the other writers deal with the immediate political prospects from a strictly party standpoint. Upon one point they are all agreed, and it is that their own particular party is thoroughly British in origin, owing little or nothing to the influence of foreign ideas and practices. Dr. Haden Guest does, indeed, cite French and German precedents, though as warnings rather than examples, but, for the rest, it appears that any suggestion that continental thought either has or ever had anything to teach us is regarded by all three parties as the worst of tactics on the eve of the poll.

Mr. Bryant's work, to which Lord Melchett and Mr. John Buchan both contribute a few introductory words, is, on the whole, a disappointing treatment of a very promising subject. The author proceeds upon the assumption that the England of olden days, the best aspects of which he rightly says the Conservatives wish to preserve, was a peaceful and orderly community, whereas in reality it was the very reverse, being for several centuries one of the most turbulent kingdoms in Western Europe. Nor is he any more happy in his inability to distinguish between equality and equality of opportunity, while the identification of our present constitutional conventions with the Conservative Party is historically unsound. The history of England, like that of every other country, is a record of a struggle between the principles of liberty and authority, and Mr. Bryant would do well to realize that it cannot easily be utilized for partisan purposes. He should go deeper into his subject, and not content himself with the public utterances of four or five eminent statesmen—one a Whig, one a Jew, two Irishmen, and another a man who failed lamentably in the hour of crisis, finally betraying his master's secrets to his mistress—whom he regards as the fathers of English Conservatism.

The next writer, Sir Reginald Mitchell Banks, is at once more sound and more provocative. His standpoint is that the enemy, Socialism, is at the gate, and that the Conservatives alone can deal with the danger. Indeed, on the principle that attack is the best form of defence, he devotes a large part of his book to a destructive analysis of the Liberal and Socialist proposals, and as a critic he is extremely formidable. Sir Reginald claims that Conservatism stands for continuity, though he does not push that theory to such extremes as Mr. Bryant. It would be idle to pretend that this book is not marred in places by the violence of the author's language, but it is commendably frank, and certainly represents the point of view of the ordinary Conservative.

Mr. Phillips is undoubtedly the most restrained of the party spokesmen, and his book is the gainer thereby, while, in common with Sir Reginald Mitchell Banks, he has not hesitated to think for himself. Save for the suggestion that Cabinet Ministers should be empowered to speak in either House, that the electoral machinery should be reformed and that the House of Commons should not be dissolved within a definite period, the Liberal spokesman is more concerned with social and economic than with political questions. He lays great stress upon his party's desire to secure equality of opportunity, and he gives some very interesting details of the proposals to establish Works Councils throughout the country. Mr. Phillips also gives prominence to the intention of his party, if returned to power, to help the League of Nations in every way. From many points of view this is the best written book of the five, but it is open to the criticism that there is very little about the Empire in it, and also that Liberal performance when in office fell very far short of the Liberal promises of to-day.

The Labour case is also ably presented, but Mr. Greenwood has not seen fit to adopt quite so independent a tone as the Conservative and Liberal writers. He is not much concerned with the past, and, in spite of Sir Reginald Mitchell Banks's allegation that the Socialists are the descendants of the Roundheads, he declares that the Labour Movement sprang from the Industrial Revolution. He is also at some pains to show that its origin is British, though he maintains that its standpoint is wholly Socialist. Like Mr. Phillips, he is not as much attracted by constitutional and political problems as by social and economic, but, unlike the Liberal champion, he does devote a chapter to the consideration of imperial questions. Mr. Greenwood has the courage of his convictions, and he believes more firmly in nationalization than Mr. G. D. H. Cole in his latest work: in fact, his remedy for all the country's ills is Socialism, and plenty of it. As an internationalist he leaves nothing to be desired.

Dr. Haden Guest's book stands in a class apart, since he is not primarily concerned with the issues at the General Election. Nevertheless it is in fact a very definite reply to Mr. Greenwood, for Dr. Guest's thesis is that Socialism cannot be applied without revolution, and he maintains that a realization of this fact is splitting the Labour Party in two: in short, the Socialist theories of the Labour Party are a sham in which the leaders themselves do not really believe. Dr. Guest discusses at some length the failure of Socialism on the Continent, and he argues that when next a Labour Government takes office in Great Britain it will prove quite incapable of carrying out a policy of "Socialism in our time." Of course if he is right both Sir Reginald Mitchell Banks and Mr. Greenwood are wrong.

To a certain extent these books justify the old belief that political differences originate in opposing attitudes of mind; at any rate, in the varying stress which is put upon different aspects of the present situation one can trace the secret predilections of the authors. For the Conservative, continuity is more important than reform; for the Liberal, the position is reversed; while for the Socialist, dating modern history from the Industrial Revolution, continuity means nothing, reform everything. All agree that the times are out of joint, and all agree that by political action in Parliament the position may be righted. In short, if these books prove anything, it is that in spite of the hard words that are being used on the platforms there are in the three great English parties to-day neither revolutionaries nor reactionaries, as these terms are understood on the continent of Europe, for all are willing to work through the Constitution.

A CRITIC IN DESPAIR

The Whirligig of Taste. By E. E. Kellett.
Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.

MR. KELLETT has a good subject, wide reading, ideas, lucidity: how is it that his book leaves us so dissatisfied? It is not his scepticism that is the trouble. When he tells us that "there are no permanent nor established principles in criticism," and that "the one thing certain is that there is no certainty," we remember that scepticism has inspired much more good criticism than has come from robust orthodox confidence. Even his despair does not disqualify him, though, indeed, it is odd to find a critic studying the variations of literary fashion without belief in a norm, for if there be no standard at all they cannot be significant variations from it and are mere caprices, undeserving of study by the literary critic, however interesting they may be to the student of social history. Mr. Kellett's failure, surprising in a writer who brings imagination enough to bear on particular works of art, is in imaginative apprehension of the literary past as a whole.

As a matter chiefly of convenience, literary historians adopt a chronological order. But for all genuine artists in literature, and for all readers worthy of them, the literary past is very different from the political past. The great figures in the literary past do not affect us in proportion to their distance from us: Mr. Kellett himself makes the point that posterity is not homogeneous, implying that in the twentieth century some writers of the sixteenth may be nearer to us than some of the eighteenth. But if not the whole literary past, at any rate portions of it are always in a very real sense the present. Donne, for example, was a poet of the past for the eighteenth and virtually the whole of the nineteenth century, but as regards much of his work is a poet of the present for this decade of the twentieth. Omar, in the great mid-Victorian version of him, belongs neither to his own age nor FitzGerald's, but especially to the last years of the Victorian epoch. The 'Pervigilium Veneris' is a modern poem, and Villon is perhaps the first modern lyricist in a living language. Portions of the past, though by no means always the same portions, are always vividly part of the present.

The history of literary taste is the history of a continual readjustment among old masterpieces to accommodate new masterpieces; and this process, though it does involve temporary damage to some of the former, or rather to conventional notions about them, eventually does but heighten their glory. The new masters are at once different and of the kin of their predecessors, and by their development of qualities present but either deliberately kept subordinate or only fitfully cultivated in the old masters they set us discovering new aspects in the writers of the past. Mr. Kellett, refusing all comfort, will have it that, since we cannot possess a writer of the remote past as his contemporaries possessed him, we are wholly and always the losers; but are we? Certainly, to revert to the case of Donne, we, who care a good deal less for his wit than his own contemporaries did, are much more alive to the paradoxical energy in decadence, the acrid realism, the imaginative strangeness of his poetry. Not that we are in ourselves wiser than they: it is only that we have had experience of later writers who give us hints for the interpretation of him. So, too, we can read Shakespeare's sonnets, merely "sugared sonnets" for an intelligent contemporary, and condemned to a delay of thirty years before they reached a second edition, with eyes instructed by those other linked poems, also in part autobiographical, almost as

enigmatic, hardly less tragic, which Meredith wrote in 'Modern Love.' And the truth is that in accommodating new masterpieces the old at once reveal more of their own characteristics and assure us of the authenticity of the new.

It is impossible within the space of a review to deal with more than a fraction of Mr. Kellett's book, but it is also impossible to take leave of it without deploring the naughtiness of his democratic suggestion that whatever book has pleased many people for many years has been, not only "good for them," but good in the same sense as a masterpiece, though it be for a shorter period and for fewer readers. Would he argue that Tupper was good in any sense? A century ago, Southey asked plaintively why Pomfret was the most popular, as he had been for about three generations, of all English poets: would Mr. Kellett contend that Pomfret was ever good as literature? It is indeed surprising that a thoughtful and scholarly critic should have confounded the history of credulity with the history of criticism.

BATTLES ABOUT BIRDS

The Call of the Birds. By Charles S. Bayne.
Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

IF, before settling down to write his latest book, Mr. Bayne had thought out more clearly what he intended to do, he would probably have made a better job of it. As it is, he has attempted to blend a bright and at times almost first-rate popular study of bird life with a very incomplete and second-rate guide to field identification of common British species and a

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third- or at times fourth-rate contribution to some current biological controversies in which birds are involved. Even if his incursions into these varied fields were of more or less equal merit, their incompatibility would be fatal to an almost pocketable work of less than three hundred pages. But, as we have seen, they are not equal, and we are content to leave it to be judged whether in devoting our notice principally to those aspects in which he is most pretentious we are doing the author an injustice.

Like most people who are ostentatiously contemptuous of what they call "the text-books," and emphatic upon individuality among birds, the author is himself the most dogmatic of mortals. His wheatear and ring-ousel must invariably arrive on March 12, his chiffchaff must "reach our shores on March 16" and so on; while the dates in this rigid timetable are a good deal on the early side, his marsh-warbler (not before the first week in June) is distinctly late. Of song he remarks:

The idea that song "survives" because it saves the time of the hen when she is seeking a mate is untenable, for there is nothing in the notes to indicate whether the hen is already married or not. If a hen enters the territory of a married couple the cock will make no objection to her presence, but she will be dealt with summarily by the hen already in possession, though there are many instances of two hens laying eggs in one nest. Thus she will be passed on till she meets an eligible bachelor. She will then marry after a show of indifference, unless he should happen to have a neighbour who is also single, in which case there will be a duel.

The people whose views Mr. Bayne is evidently attacking in this chapter were unaware that the procedure was anything like so simple or stereotyped as it thus turns out to be. That is perhaps as well, for they could hardly have hoped to escape a flaying at his hands if they had asserted anything so disdainful of the view that birds may have wills of their own. It is hardly necessary to point out, first that song is only claimed to guide the hen to a territory-holding cock, and not to possess the further refinement of indicating whether he is single; second, that the records obtained by ringing or otherwise of migrant hens returning year after year to the same mate and nest entirely dispose of the idea that they are ready to mate with the first eligible unmated cock they meet, and third that if we had enough data on these subjects to attempt such final pronouncements as Mr. Bayne enjoys, they would undoubtedly have to be qualified at every point in order to fit known facts.

His assurance that the hen "is never allowed" to choose her mate suggests that Mr. Bayne might profitably refer to the most important published work on that subject ('Realities of Bird Life') in which, unless Mr. Edmund Selous is to be considered a romancer, he will find proof to the contrary; and his argument on p. 267 and elsewhere that natural enemies and competition are mere bogeys is identical with the familiar discovery of the ignorant that Malthus must be wrong because the British population has still not outrun the means of subsistence. Often, in fact, his inconsistency supplies him with his own answers; thus the powerful attack on current theories between pp. 254-9 would be rather embarrassed if confronted with the passage at the top of p. 277; the reason why such rarities as the crested tit and Dartford warbler fail to extend their range is of course not "competition" but the much simpler reason that they have no surplus to start with.

In spite of an evident failure to appreciate what constitutes scientific proof, which is probably due rather to lack of training than incapacity, and in spite of his weakness for rushing into a scathing exposure of theories which he has not troubled to grasp, Mr. Bayne has many good qualities as an observer; it is much to be hoped that he will soon give up tilting at windmills and do some useful work. The eight coloured plates (described as "numerous" in the publisher's "blurb") are deplorably reproduced.

Although they are as innocent of art as almost all portraits of birds, they show quite a creditable talent for producing a likeness, and while we do not dispute the wisdom of the artist in leaving them unsigned, we look forward to seeing more of his work.

THE BAILIFFS OF GOD

My Ancestors. By William II. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

THE political doctrine enunciated in the plain of Troy still finds an echo in the demesne of Doorn. "A multitude of masters is no good thing; let there be one master, one king, to whom the son of crooked-counselling Kronos hath granted it." In this interesting and dignified account of his predecessors, the ex-Kaiser aims at recording "the general impression of the personalities of my forefathers, and of their efficiency, as received in my youth, and as the passage of years has left stamped firmly on my mind." The clearest feature of this impression is the belief in the Divine right by which the Burgraves of Nuremberg, the Electors of Brandenburg, the Kings of Prussia, and finally the German Emperors exercised their sway.

But, unlike the Stuarts or the Bourbons, the Hohenzollerns did not consider this Divine right to be merely an excuse for loose and luxurious idleness. They honestly endeavoured, up to their lights, to do the best they could for the people whom Providence had committed to their rule. They all regarded themselves as being responsible to God for their actions and achievements, in the words of the first Elector of Brandenburg, "as the simple bailiffs of God in the performance of his work." Carlyle has elaborated this thesis at much greater length than the ex-Kaiser, and no serious student of history need question its validity. The pity of it is that some at least of this distinguished line did not wholly appreciate the nature of the God to whom they acknowledged their responsibility. It was an Old Testament God—even, as some ventured to claim, an "Old Prussian" God—that they worshipped. The Almighty who requires nothing of man but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with his God, was less in favour than the Lord of Hosts, who encouraged his viceroy or bailiff to "execute vengeance in anger and fury upon the heathen, such as they have not heard."

It was a misunderstanding of this nature that caused Frederic the Great, in the pursuit of what he considered to be the Divine command for the aggrandizement of Prussia, to bring such desolation on his country as even his ultimate victory could hardly repair in a generation. The common people might well have thought that their sufferings were ill repaid by military glory and territorial expansion, but their outcries have been forgotten in that all but deification of "old Fritz" which Carlyle, in spite of really knowing better, was so rash as to encourage. Even to-day the ex-Kaiser recalls with pride the "everlastingly true sentence" of Frederick William I: "When you have anything to decide in this world the pen alone will not do it. It must be decided by the sharp edge of the sword." He adds that "diplomacy is only effective when there stands behind it a people in arms ready to give it weight with united will." Sometimes it is not effective even then—and no one knows this better than the exile of Doorn. We cannot wonder at the pathos infused into his description of his grandfather's flight from Berlin in 1848, when the Revolution brought him "bitter disillusionment, personal affliction and the sour taste of hateful ingratitude." It is perhaps a pity that the lesson so sharply taught as to the true nature of kingship was not adequately laid to heart.

Until a day more dark and drear
And a more memorable year.

ROMANESQUE FRANCE

Romanesque France. By Violet R. Markham. Murray. 18s.

THE period of architecture which gave rise to Gothic has rarely had justice done to it; medievalists have exalted its successors as the supreme expression of the Church's golden age, and classicists have despised it as a base imitation of the antique. This comparative neglect has proved not a misfortune but a positive blessing for the Romanesque. It has nearly escaped being copied and degraded in a variety of bastard forms by enthusiastic revivalists, nor have its crowning examples been so generally converted into haunts of uncomprehending sightseers. In England, where it gains an adventitious popularity from the fact that we call it Norman, and in Germany, where it persisted so long that the Gothic which superseded it still bears a faint exotic stigma, the Romanesque style holds a fairly conspicuous place; France, on the other hand, has always been so concerned to claim a monopoly in the invention of Gothic that her Romanesque churches have rarely been treated on their own merits. Among these, therefore, it is still possible to enjoy something of the exhilaration of discovering for oneself first-rate works of art whose names are not yet household words, and to feel as little degraded by the pursuit of them as it was still possible to be in Italy up to the time of Ruskin.

This immunity of the French Romanesque has been due partly to its overshadowing by Gothic, partly to its more massive and severe form, but very largely to the fact that no one has ever written a readable book upon it in English. Now that that has been done, with such deplorable efficiency, we must resign ourselves to a not very distant period when the Romanesque churches of France will, in common language, come into their own, and our congratulations to the author must be tempered by the suspicion that with her deep appreciation and her power of communicating it she is going to prove the most mischievous person in this field since Abadie and his fellow-restorers, if not since the revolutionaries who demolished Cluny with seventy-five charges of gunpowder. We can only hope that her book will be found too thorough and profound for any but the more thoughtful travellers who, while following up the clues to the best caches, will discreetly keep the secret to themselves.

Even in five hundred pages 'Romanesque France' does not succeed in dealing with more than a moderate proportion of the principal monuments of the style; in fact the most serious criticism to which it lies open is the number of important omissions, many of which might have been avoided by a terser and less digressive treatment. The map is not very satisfactory and some of the plates are photographed from plaster casts instead of the originals, which is a fault only to be excused by sheer necessity; but the text is written with a breadth of reference and a breadth of view rarely found together, and, with one or two curious minor exceptions, the level of accuracy is high. Although she has views of her own on many points the author has steered her way through controversial areas with conspicuous fairness and good judgment; it will be a long time before her book is superseded.

¶ Readers who have difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate with the Publisher, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, who will be pleased to give the matter his attention.



Dædalus and Icarus at Hendon

DÆDALUS—Son, do I view thee again?

ICARUS—Pleased to meet you, pop.

DÆDALUS—whom the high, far-darting Apollo slew, overbold, with his kiss. . .

ICARUS—Guess you gotta can that dope, popper. Those way-back hexameters may have been the goods when your poet guy was writing up Menelaus and that fresh skirt of his who jumped it with Paris—but they cut no ice here.

DÆDALUS—Oh, very well. I suppose, since I've been ill-advised enough to leave my pleasant little bungalow by Acheron for a day-trip to this questionable place, I must learn to speak dull prose like those English inventors who took the house next mine and complained that they hadn't a bath to sing in. But I do wish your last visit to earth hadn't taught you such lamentable slang, my boy.

ICARUS—I should worry. But never mind, you'll find lots to interest you. Look at that bright boy up there "looping" at ten thousand feet. Reckon he's got our little hop from Crete to Sicily skinned a mile.

DÆDALUS—You mean, doubtless, that he bears the palm. True, true. But tell me, my son, thou whose wings melted in the rays of the sun thou braced'st, how does the strange mechanism, whose swift revolving whirr fills my ears, escape heat's destructive liquefaction in its speed through the empyrean?

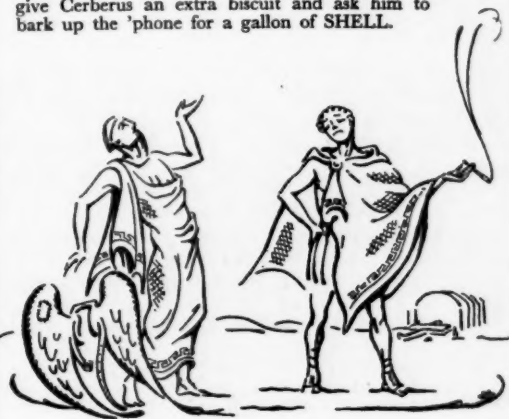
ICARUS—You've said a mouthful, pop. But the answer's short—good oil.

DÆDALUS—Strange. You would have me believe that the grey-green olive's harvest avails to cool the bodily functions of that winged engine?

ICARUS—Grey-green nothings, pop. You make me tired. I said oil, oil that can stand up to umpteen r.p.m.

DÆDALUS—R.p.m.? What strange god is that? Your rede perplexes me. Has oil, then, changed^o in nature since we learnt to fly?

ICARUS—You bet. "Modern oil for modern engines," is the big word. And if you ever invent another flying machine down Acheron way and want tip-top 100 per cent. lubrication, just you give Cerberus an extra biscuit and ask him to bark up the 'phone for a gallon of SHELL.



NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

No Love. By David Garnett. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.*Living.* By Henry Green. Dent. 7s. 6d.*The Very End.* By Osbert Burdett. Scholartis Press. 7s. 6d.*Jingling in the Wind.* By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Cape. 7s. 6d.

'**N**O LOVE' is a strange book, full of arbitrary happenings and of harsh angular characters. The Kelties and the Lydiates share an island off the South Coast. The Kelties are an apparently conventional family with naval traditions. The Lydiates are eccentric and infected with free thought: husband and wife had been attracted to each other by a common dissatisfaction with religion. Roger Lydiate was the son of a Bishop and himself a clerk in Holy Orders, but before his marriage in 1886 he abandoned his profession and declared himself an atheist. They had two children, Mabel and Benedict; the Kelties one, Simon. The two boys became great friends and their respective families, so closely juxtaposed, got on better than might have been expected:

The whole family [the Lydiates] was a united one and bound together by its own special habits, by its untidiness, by its acceptance of certain values; and this unity was always present in their relation with the Kelties. Never for one moment did Roger's wife and children wish him to be like the admiral. For, beyond everything else, the Lydiates took pleasure in their own freedom to live their happy-go-lucky lives. The old doll's house was safe in the drawing-room, it would not be swept away, and the sound of the sewing-machine might be heard there, just when visitors were expected. . . . Nothing was ever locked up in Tinder Hall, and few things were put away.

Simon went into the Navy and Benedict, after a rather unsatisfactory youth, took up science: the war interfered with their lives, a woman, Cynthia Mengs, with their friendship. She married Simon, became Benedict's mistress, and finally left them both for another man. Simon, it seems, had never really loved her. Mr. David Garnett is so chary of explanation and comment, sticks so firmly to his narrative, that it is not easy to follow his drift. In his method of presentation he is the most concrete and objective of the younger novelists; but since the story he tells lacks natural or logical cohesion even more than does life itself, one is bound to search between its lines for the meaning that his æsthetic reticence forbids him to state. In the last paragraph of the book Benedict reflects thus upon his friend's character:

It's because there's No Love. No Love in his heart. He's never learned what it is from other people. That's the explanation. No Love.

It may explain Simon, but the rest of the characters: are they also suffering, in greater or less degree, from the same lack? With certain exceptions they are hard, secret, and self-contained, imprisoned in their own lives and rather brutal and uncompromising in their relationships with each other. They follow their own bents and have little casual good nature or sympathy to spare. Simon justifies his character on Freudian grounds: he was too fond of his father, his father resented this, his mother was jealous of his affection for his father, they combined to make his early life a hell:

You know what my mother was like; if I ever said anything spontaneous her eyes sparkled with joy and she pounced on me and turned everything I said to contempt. Even if I spoke casually about anything I cared for, she always detected my emotion and made fun of it.

A very unusual relationship between mother and son, but characteristic of the book. It is interesting, beautifully written, original, profound, but it lacks humanity. There is always present in Mr. Garnett's work an immediate, vivid impression of the hostility and cruelty with which men treat each other, balanced by a sense of pity that they should behave so badly. This attitude of mind is best expressed by Mr. Garnett, as he has already expressed it, in fable. Directly he translates it into terms of ordinary life and tests it by ordinary behaviour it is seen to be partial and inadequate.

Mr. Henry Green has followed up his excellent first novel 'Blindness' with another no less remarkable, but so different that they can scarcely be compared. 'Blindness' was an intensive study of an individual's reaction to a personal disaster. It was circumscribed by a single consciousness. In 'Living' Mr. Green portrays the lives of a score of people, all characterized and differentiated, but all as it were equidistant from the reader's eye, and subordinate to the life they lead and the factory in which they work. A novel more free from literary airs and graces than 'Living' it is impossible to imagine. Its subject is a life of toil spent in the neighbourhood of Birmingham; and for the more appropriate clothing of his theme Mr. Green has invented a style carrying as little ornament as an engineer's overall—a kind of telegraphese. The definite and indefinite articles are almost excluded from the narrative sections. And just as in a telegram one ignores the strange diction and looks for the sense of the message, so the mind quickly acclimatizes itself to Mr. Green's practical, ungarnished prose. There are, however, dark moments when one asks oneself: Have these bare, uncouth arrangements of words been chosen to express an industrial civilization, or



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do they exhibit a regrettable familiarity with the work of Miss Gertrude Stein?

What is a town, then, how do I know? What did they do? They went by lamps, lamps, lamps, each one with light and dark strung up on it each with houses these were in. Houses made the streets, people made the houses. People lived in them, thousands millions of lives. Each life dully lived and the life next it, pitched together, walls between built, dully these lives went out on to streets promenaded dullness there. Ugly clothes, people, houses. They went along through these, strangers to it, she did not recognize her own form of ugliness in it.

Mr. Green's form of ugliness is very easy to recognize!—and a casual glance at such a passage as this would not encourage one to read the book. But it is well worth reading. Mr. Green is not debarred from originality by his effort to be original. He has a remarkable ear for dialogue, a remarkable power of conveying without irony, two completely different effects: the effect of the characters upon each other and their effect upon the reader. When he essays a more sophisticated contrast—e.g., between the way of life of young Mr. Dupret, the proprietor's son, and that of the factory employees, he is less successful. And—a more serious fault—the narrative is hard to follow. But 'Living' is certainly more than a successful experiment in a new mode. Without *parti pris* or political prejudice it shows amazing insight into the lives of working-class people. It contains a vast number of impressions and digests them all. It has the highest qualities of honesty and impartiality, and Mr. Green is not among those who think that to be sincere is to be obscene. Its fault, as a work of art, is that it pays too little court to the reader's attention; it lacks that sense of relaxation, that holiday air, that are inseparable from the best art.

Mr. Osbert Burdett's stories are a complete contrast—they are graceful, fanciful, ingenious, literary, self-conscious. They are concerned with people of means who have had leisure to cultivate amusing eccentricities, or with fantastic characters dear to the imaginations of undergraduates. Charming produced, the stories in 'The Very End' are agreeable to read: but they lack flavour, and their gracefulness does not atone for their ineffectiveness.

The first impression given by 'Jingling in the Wind' is of unreadability, and this is never quite dispelled. In the course of her fantasy Miss Roberts touches upon almost everything in heaven and earth, and adopts the methods of many different writers, among them Chaucer and James Joyce. The central figure is a rain-maker. Such comments as "In the place where I observed, the women hate one another with costly feasts" show that Miss Roberts has humour; but the book is too fragmentary and irresponsible to be a good joke.

Five Men of Frankfort. By M. E. Ravage. Harrap. 10s. 6d.

THACKERAY did an injustice to the founder of the house of Rothschild in England when he described him as "a greasy-faced compound of donkey and pig." A more attractive view of Nathan Meyer Rothschild is given in Mr. Ravage's extremely well-written account of the most famous of financial dynasties. The "five men" of his title are, of course, the five sons of Meyer Rothschild of Frankfort, whose financial genius and fraternal solidarity enabled them to dominate the international money market in the first half of the nineteenth century. Mr. Ravage's second chapter, describing the character and life of Elector William I of Hesse Cassel, is an admirable miniature. He goes on to describe, with a wealth of picturesque detail, the way in which Nathan and his brothers made their profit impartially out of Napoleon and Wellington, and how they became the recognized channels through which loans were floated and governments in difficulties were financed. Mr. Ravage brings the history of the Rothschilds down to the present time, but the later part of his book is inevitably less thrilling than the early chapters, which are as readable in their way as 'L'Argent' or the 'Maison Nucingen.'

INSURANCE

By D. CAMERON FORRESTER

IN my last article I gave particulars of the practice of a number of well-known life offices in issuing policies the premiums on which are payable by monthly instalments. In the space at my disposal I could do no more than give one example of such a contract. I should like to refer here to the monthly scheme of the Standard Life Assurance Company. The minimum monthly premium accepted by this office is £1, but larger sums may be assured by multiples of 10s. monthly. Whole life assurances are issued with premiums payable throughout life, or limited to 15, 20 and 25 years, and there is also a good selection of endowment contracts.

At age 30 next birthday the amount of ordinary whole life policy with profits purchasable by each £1 monthly is £484, or with premiums limited to 20 years, say, £349. At the same age the amount of endowment payable at the end of 20 years or previous death is £233. It must be remembered that these are the initial sums assured at the issue of the policy, and that each contract shares in the profits of the office pro rata with those issued at ordinary annual premiums. This is important because the Standard Life, which is a mutual office, declares its bonuses annually and they are at present at the high rate of 42s. per cent. compound. At this rate of bonus a policy would increase in value by more than half in twenty years, and would more than double itself in thirty-four years.

Another very useful monthly plan is that of the Manufacturers Life Insurance Company of Canada. The policies are generally issued either on the endowment or the limited-payment life plan, and the sums assured are plus a cash bonus at the end of the limited-payment period in the case of life policies, or at the maturity of endowments. In the case of a man aged 35 effecting a life policy with premiums ceasing at age 60, the amount assured at death for each £1 per month would be £344, and the approximate amount of each bonus payable, in addition, on reaching 60 would be £131. The amount of endowment secured for the same monthly premium at age 35—payable on reaching 60 or at previous death—is £275, plus the approximate cash bonus of £131 on survival.

The majority of professional men have to face the fact that if they were to become incapacitated and unable to practise, the income dependent on their personal exertions would probably cease. The ordinary form of accident policy is not thoroughly applicable to their case as a rule because, in the first place, it generally specifies particular accidents and diseases which are covered. In the second place it is not a "permanent" contract like a life policy, which remains in force so long as premiums are paid. It is usually merely an indemnity from year to year, because the insuring office can refuse to renew, or may even reserve the right to cancel. There are several forms of "permanent," or non-cancellable, disability insurances, however, and the Prudential now issues such a policy, which may be effected separately or in conjunction with a life policy. It may be had in several forms. Under the first the income insured begins to become due after a waiting period of four consecutive weeks of total disablement and the premium required to secure each £1 per week at age 30 is £1 13s. 2d. per annum. If it is arranged, however, that the disability benefit does not begin until after 13 weeks of disablement the premium for each £1 weekly would be reduced to £1 4s. 5d. These policies are only granted to those engaged in professional occupations, and where desired the premiums may be paid at half-yearly or quarterly intervals.

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6

DAYS

12

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(Dr. Sechehaye, in the "Swiss Medical Review.")

"It appears to me to have a specific destructive influence on the Tubercle Bacilli in the same way that Quinine has upon Malaria."

(Dr. Grun, in the King's Bench Division.)

If you are suffering from any disease of the chest or lungs—spasmodic or cardiac asthma excluded—ask your doctor about Umckaloabo, or send a postcard for particulars of it to:

CHAS. H. STEVENS, 204-206 Worple Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.20, who will post same to you free of charge.

Readers, especially "T.B.'s," will see in the above few lines more wonderful news than is to be found in many volumes on the same subject.

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears. (Books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' are excluded: they may be reviewed later.)

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 375

LAST OF OUR TWENTY-SEVENTH QUARTER

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, May 30).

DIVINES, AND AUTHORS OF SOME FAMOUS BOOKS
IN WHICH YOUR MODERN STRIPLING RARELY LOOKS.

1. From small intestine take a Latin one.
2. Of Abram's offspring now curtail the son.
3. Parched is the land in which they dwell, and dry.
4. Evade, avoid the danger! flee, friends! fly!
5. Hot-headed creature, thoughtless, rash, and wild.
6. Prepares the smoked fish known to every child.
7. This beat transposed, thin soup before you stands.
8. Curtail a bird from icy northern lands.
9. Moreover, still, however, ne'ertheless.
10. The contents to describe it doth profess.
11. Sheeplike I am and sheeplike shall remain.
12. My trade it is to buy and sell for gain.

Solution of Acrostic No. 373

C	atapas	M	¹ Arabic <i>al-ilāh</i> , 'the worthy to be adored.'
A	ri	A	² The strong gods pine for my abode;
E	clipti	C	And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
S	au	Ce-box	But thou, meek lover of the good!
A	lla	H ¹	Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.
R	a	Is ¹	—Emerson, <i>Brahma</i>
B	rahm	A ²	³ Love rules the court, the camp, the grove.
IO		Ve ³	And men on earth, and gods above,
R	emors	E	For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
G	ao	L	—Scott.
I	ll-wil	L	
A	m	Icable	

ACROSTIC No. 373.—The winner is the Viscount Doneraile, 91 Victoria Street, S.W.1, who has selected as his prize 'Military Operations, Gallipoli, Vol. I, with Appendices and Maps,' published by Heinemann and reviewed by us on May 11. Four other competitors chose this book, 18 named 'Curious Trials,' 13 'The Mysterious Baronne de Feuchères,' 10 'Roon,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Armadale, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Boskeris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, J. R. Cripps, Maud Crowther, Dhualt, Fossil, Hanworth, Hetrians, Jeff, Jop, Lilian, Madge, Margaret, Martha, Met, G. W. Miller, Miss Moore, Quis, Shorwell, St. Ives, Tyro, C. J. Warden, Yendu.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—E. Barrett, Bolo, M. de Burgh, Miss Carter, C. C. J., Ceyx, Chailey, J. Chambers, Chip, Mrs. Alice Crooke, Ciam, D. L., Dolmar, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, Gay, Glamis, John Lennie, N. O. Sellam, Margaret Owen, Peter, Rabbits, Rand, G. Randolph, Twyford, Sisyphus, Margarita Skene, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Thora, H. M. Vaughan.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Boris, Mrs. J. Butler, Elizabeth, Mrs. Greene, Iago, A. M. W. Maxwell, J. F. Maxwell, Mrs. Milne, Stucco, Capt. W. R. Wolseley. All others more.

LIGHT 2.—As "Martha" observes: "Aria is better than Aida; in all operas there are arias, but many of us have never heard Verdi's Aida."

ACROSTIC No. 372.—TWO LIGHTS WRONG: Mrs. Alice Crooke, F. M. Petty, A. R. Wheeler.

J. LENNIE.—In Florence they spell it with two c's.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

ESSAYS

- THE AIMS OF EDUCATION AND OTHER ESSAYS. By A. N. Whitehead. Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d.
THE WHIGS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By James Scott. Richards. 5s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- STEPHEN HALES. By A. E. Clark-Kennedy. Cambridge University Press. 15s.
WOLSEY. By A. F. Pollard. Longmans. 21s.
VICTORIAN WORKING WOMEN. By Wanda Fraiken Neff. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.
A HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE, 1576-1595. By Maurice Wilkinson. Glasgow: Jackson Wylie. 10s. 6d.
THE DAUPHINY. By Caroline Walker. Oxford: Blackwell. 7s. 6d.
GIBBON'S JOURNAL. Chatto and Windus. 17s. 6d.
WAR IN WORLD-HISTORY. By Andrew Reid Cowan. Longmans. 6s.
DANGER ZONES OF EUROPE. By John S. Stephens. Hogarth Press. 2s.

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

- THE ECONOMIC EFFECTS OF MONOPOLY ON BRITISH POWER STATIONS. By A. F. Swain. Simpkin Marshall. 10s.
PROTECTION OR FREE TRADE. By Henry George. Kegan Paul. 6d.
RUSSIA UNDER THE RED FLAG. By G. M. Godden. Burns and Oates. 4s. 6d.
THE SPLENDID ADVENTURE. By the Rt. Hon. W. M. Hughes. Benn. 21s.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

- A CENTURY OF ANGLO-CATHOLICISM. By Herbert Leslie Stewart. Dent. 10s. 6d.
THE MAKING OF THE CHRISTIAN MIND. By Gaius Glenn Atkins. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.
THE MEANING OF BEAUTY. By W. T. Stace. Richards and Toulmin. 6s.
A SCEPTICAL EXAMINATION OF CONTEMPORARY BRITISH PHILOSOPHY. By Adrian Coates. Brentano's. 10s. 6d.

VERSE AND DRAMA

- THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF GERHART HAUPTMANN. Volume IX. Secker. 10s. 6d.
THE POETICAL MIRROR. By James Hogg. Scholartis Press. 8s. 6d.
SEARCHLIGHTS. By Eva Mungall. Paisley: Gardner. 2s.
DROUGHT. By Jan Van Avond. Benn. 6s.

TRAVEL

- CATHEDRALS OF FRANCE. By Helen Henderson. Methuen. 7s. 6d.
THE OLD-WORLD GERMANY OF TO-DAY. By Gerald Maxwell. Methuen. 7s. 6d.
TO FAR WESTERN ALASKA FOR BIG GAME. By T. R. Hubback. Rowland Ward. 15s.
THE GOLDEN ADVENTURES OF BALBOA, DISCOVERER OF THE PACIFIC. By Arthur Strawn. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

FICTION

- THE SHADOW ON THE ROAD. By Alice Massie. Besant. 7s. 6d.
THE BARRIER. By F. E. Mills Young. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.
MONK'S ISLAND. By Gertrude Vaughan. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.
TORN TAPESTRY. By Mona Gordon. Fowler Wright. 7s. 6d. (June 11.)
JUDGE NOT. By E. V. Pearson. Fowler Wright. 7s. 6d. (June 11.)

MISCELLANEOUS

- AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF BIRD BEHAVIOUR. By H. Eliot Howard. Cambridge University Press. 42s.
KNIGHTAGE. 1928-9. Fowler Wright. 5s.
NATIONALITY. By Bernard Joseph. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.
THE CASE FOR NURSERY SCHOOLS. By The Education Enquiry Committee. Philip. 4s.
A NEW ERA FOR BRITISH RAILWAYS. By Howard C. Kidd. Benn. 7s. 6d.
ROCK GARDENS. By A. Edwards. Ward Lock. 7s. 6d.
THE FOLK TRAIL. By Leslie A. Paul. Douglas. 5s.
THE HOOJIBRAHS. By Esther Boumphey. Milford: Oxford University Press. 5s.
THE STATESMAN'S YEAR-BOOK. Edited by M. Epstein. Macmillan. 20s.
THE SCOTS KITCHEN. By F. Marian McNeill. Blackie. 7s. 6d.
THE ROMANCE OF A TUDOR HOUSE. By Colonel J. C. B. Statham. Routledge. 12s. 6d.
THE DOG: MAN'S BEST FRIEND. By Captain A. H. Trapman. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

MR. J. SPEADAN LEWIS deserves to be congratulated on the very comprehensive form in which the report and accounts of John Lewis and Company Limited have been prepared for the year ended January 31 last. Mr. Lewis is the Chairman of this company. The Directors, in this report, explain that its exceptional fullness is due to their Chairman, who considers that information commonly not given to shareholders until the chairman's speech at the annual meeting should be given to them in their report in advance, partly so that they may know whether it is advisable for them to attend the meeting at all, and partly that they may be able to consider at leisure what questions they ought to ask.

A WISE PRECEDENT

As one who has frequently advocated the need for shareholders to receive the fullest information, I congratulate Mr. Lewis on the step he has taken. It happens too frequently that shareholders receive the baldest of annual reports, and when it comes to the meeting there are rarely sufficiently quick thinkers present to frame, on the spur of the moment, the questions on which information is needed. There are other points of considerable interest in this report. Dealing with adjoining properties which the company wish to acquire, the Directors state that, having made an offer, they found to their regret that neither could be purchased, except at a price that was, in their opinion, unsound business, because it was incompatible with giving good value to the public. "They are resolved," they state, "not to allow themselves to be tempted into acquisitions of that sort, any more than into extravagant building, or any other of such modern methods as amount to charging your present customers an additional profit, in order that you may spend it upon getting additional customers more quickly than you would otherwise."

The report itself discloses the fact that satisfactory profits have been earned, and, although no ordinary dividend is being paid, the amount that the staff would receive from this source has been provided by the Chairman.

ISLE OF THANET ELECTRIC

This week I draw attention to an anomaly that exists in the market price of the £1 ordinary shares and the £1 6 per cent. cumulative preference shares of the Isle of Thanet Electric Supply Company Limited. This company supplies electric light in Margate, Broadstairs, Westgate and Birchington, and, in addition, owns a system of electric tramways running through Ramsgate, Broadstairs, St. Peter's and Margate. The preference shares are entitled to an accumulative dividend of 6 per cent. per annum, payable on March 31 and September 30, and after the ordinary shares have received 6 per cent. in any one year the two classes of shares rank equally for any further distribution. The ordinary shares last year received a dividend of 4 per cent.

Recently there have been rumours that American interests are desirous of acquiring the company, with

the result that the ordinary shares have risen to the neighbourhood of 40s. Whether these rumours are correct the future will show, and I express no opinion on this point; but while the ordinary shares have risen, the preference shares have been neglected, and can be procured some ten shillings cheaper. It will therefore be seen that a holder of ordinary shares can sell his holding and reinvest in the preference shares, and by so doing considerably increase his annual income, his holding in the company, and his security—a step which I most certainly advise ordinary shareholders to take. To dispel doubts that may arise on the question of control, I would point out that voting powers are exactly similar in the case of each class of share, being one vote for every ordinary share and one vote for every preference share.

BRITISH CELANESE

British Celanese shares have been enjoying one of their periodical bursts of activity, attributable to the fact that the Rayon industry is believed to be once more making headway, and that the British Celanese Company, in particular, is enjoying favourable trading conditions. The British Celanese Company has been extremely disappointing in the past, and shareholders have so far had to content themselves with promises of future fulfilments not backed by past achievements.

Although the 10s. ordinary shares are standing at a premium of 400 per cent., it is significant to note that the 7½ per cent. second preference shares are standing at a few shillings discount. Those desirous of interesting themselves in British Celanese should choose the second preference shares as the least hazardous medium. Those more speculatively inclined should not overlook the improving position of the American Celanese Company, the shares of which appear to offer considerably more scope for a rise than those of the British Company.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE

At the recently held meeting of the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company Limited, reported in this REVIEW last week, the Chairman, Mr. A. Kentish Barnes, referred to the necessity of training men not only for the executive and managerial posts, but also to deal with the requirements of the insuring public at home and abroad. This question of training employees, not merely to fill the humbler posts in the company, but also the higher offices, is one that is too frequently overlooked. It seems probable that our banks may suffer in this direction in the course of a few years; so much of the banking work is now effected by means of machinery that one wonders where, in the future, banks will find the necessary personnel who have been trained in every branch of banking routine work for their high offices.

PINCHIN AND JOHNSON

There has been a steady demand of late for the new split shares of Pinchin and Johnson, to which reference has been made in these notes in the past. The recent demand is attributable to the fact that it is understood that these shares are to be dealt in in the curb market in New York. In any case Pinchin and Johnson shares appear a thoroughly sound industrial investment which, over a period of years, should

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enjoy substantial capital appreciation and should pay increasing dividends. Meanwhile, should American buyers come in, we might easily see a sharp advance in price.

BURMAH OIL

The figures of the Burmah Oil Company for 1928 showed a substantial falling off as compared with the previous year. As, however, during the first half of the period under review the company was known to have suffered from the price-cutting war in India caused by the Soviet Oil marketed by the Standard Oil Company, the reduction in Burmah profits came as no surprise to the market. A significant point is the fact that the directors of the Burmah Oil Company declared the same dividend as the previous year, which entailed a considerable advance in their carry-forward. In view of the fact that the policy of the Burmah Oil Board has in the past been an extremely conservative one, this dividend declaration indicates that they are decidedly hopeful as to the prospects for the current year. As has already been stated in these notes, it would appear probable that the oil market will enjoy considerable activity in the autumn, and those who are prepared to accept the slight element of risk which is entailed might consider the advisability of purchasing leading oil shares at the present level.

BALDWINS

In view of the improved outlook for the heavy industries, the moment is opportune to discuss the merits of Baldwins ordinary shares. The company, which has extensive interests in the South Wales Steel and Tinsplate industries as well as in coal, carried through a very drastic reconstruction scheme about a year ago which entailed over three and a half million pounds of capital being cancelled. At that time the nominal value of the ordinary shares was written down from £1 to 4s. The reconstruction scheme was a comprehensive one, and given any revival in the heavy industries dividends on these 4s. ordinary shares should in due course be forthcoming. In these circumstances they appear well worth locking away at the present price, which is in the neighbourhood of 5s.

WINTERBOTHAM, STRACHAN AND PLAYNE

Those who favour a sound industrial investment and do not mind acquiring an interest in a company with a comparatively small capital, should not overlook the £1 ordinary shares of Winterbotham, Strachan and Playne. This company owns a group of the best known manufacturers of the finest worsted cloth in the world, operating in the West of England. Shareholders last year received a dividend of 10 per cent. which, at the present price, which is in the neighbourhood of 26s. 3d., shows a satisfactory return. The business is soundly managed. Its products are of increasing world-wide demand, and although its shares must not be expected to give anything in the nature of a sensational rise, they certainly appear in their class a sound lock-up investment.

JOHN M. NEWTON

Shareholders in John M. Newton and Sons should be satisfied with the progress their company is making, as outlined by the chairman at the general meeting held this week, a report of which will be found in this REVIEW.

COMPANY MEETINGS

In this issue will be found Reports of the Meetings of the following companies: John M. Newton and Sons, Ltd., and Modderfontein B. Gold Mines, Ltd.

TAURUS

Company Meeting

JOHN M. NEWTON AND SONS

EXTENSION OF INTERESTS

DIVIDEND OF 37½ PER CENT.

The Third Ordinary General Meeting of John M. Newton and Sons, Limited, was held on May 21 at the Holborn Restaurant, London, W.C.

Mr. John Newton (the Chairman) said that the net profit to be dealt with amounted to £35,106, and the directors recommended a final dividend of 22½ per cent. on the ordinary shares, making 37½ per cent. for the year, which was the same distribution as that made last year, but on a larger capital. It was only during the past year that the company began to obtain the full value from the amalgamation of its four different concerns taken over during 1927, and the gross sales for the past year had exceeded those of the previous year by about 7½ per cent. Unfortunately, there had been a considerable amount of competition and cutting of prices, which had had a detrimental effect on the trading profits, but this had been made up by the extraordinary receipts in connexion with the subsidiary companies. The current year showed a continued increase in sales, the turnover was on a very satisfactory basis, and, with the present political uncertainty out of the way, he anticipated that further progress would be made during the remainder of the year.

STRONG FINANCIAL POSITION

With regard to the accounts, he thought it would be agreed that the financial position of the company was one of considerable strength. The total liabilities, including the issued capital of £160,600 shown in the balance-sheet, amounted to £196,713, against which there were tangible assets, not including goodwill, amounting to £199,961, all of which were liquid and easily realizable. The goodwill stood at only £40,000, which was equal to one year's purchase, and was a very conservative figure, as this item constituted a really valuable asset. The name of "Newton" was generally linked up with glass and glass with "Newton," and the number of live accounts being dealt with month by month was steadily increasing, the number at the present moment being something like 50 per cent. higher than those which existed at the early part of 1927. During this year the company had extended its premises by taking over new and important works. Trade investments, £36,684, had been taken in at cost, although their present market value was considerably above that figure.

PROVINCIAL EXTENSIONS

Dealing with the subsidiary companies, the chairman said that the new works of the Plymouth branch were very near completion, and would be in full operation within the next few weeks. The directors anticipated that this branch would prove to be a valuable asset. The business there was increasing, and there was a wide scope for further extension in the counties of Devon, Cornwall, Somerset and Dorset, which, he anticipated, would result in substantial profits. The Gardner and Newton business, which was one of their oldest investments, showed a very fair return, and was of material assistance to the company in its bending requirements. During the year they had founded and held half the shares in the Eastbourne Glass Company, which would be developed on the lines of the business at Plymouth. There already existed a very valuable business at Eastbourne, and, with the new factory and extensions, they would be able materially to increase the business, and this branch also should, in the very near future, show substantial returns. Further provincial extensions were contemplated, of which the shareholders would be informed in due course. These provincial extensions were a part of the directors' policy, as the tendency was more and more for clients to place their orders locally, thereby saving the cost of packing, cartage, transport, etc., and ensuring prompt delivery.

SUBSIDIARIES' PROGRESS

The Newtex Company and the J. M. Newton Vitreo-Colloid Company, in which the parent company had a considerable interest, were as yet in their infant stage, but they were both progressing according to plan, and should in the future be a source of considerable profit to the parent company.

The Chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts, which was seconded by Mr. G. F. Barrett and unanimously adopted.

The dividend recommended was approved; the auditors were reappointed; and a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, and the staff concluded the proceedings.

Company Meeting

MODDERFONTEIN B. GOLD MINES,
LIMITED

(Incorporated in the Union of South Africa)

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS at the Twentieth Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders held in Johannesburg, on April 26, 1929.

The Chairman (Mr. J. Martin) said:

Ladies and Gentlemen,—Your Board sustained a sad loss in July last through the death of Mr. A. Mackie Niven, who had been a director of the company since its formation in 1908. I am sure you will wish to be associated with the expressions of regret and sympathy which were conveyed to his bereaved family on behalf of the Board.

The tonnage milled was increased by 26,000 tons to the new record of 830,000 tons. On the other hand, the working revenue decreased by 7d. per ton milled as compared with the previous year's figure, owing to a slight decline in the yield, and working costs were higher by 1d. per ton milled. The consulting engineer explains in his report that this small increase in the cost per ton milled was largely due to abnormal expenditure on necessary renewals and alterations in the reduction plant, while additional expenditure was also incurred on the support of workings, in connection with the mining of the upper leaders. The working profit of £580,280 was accordingly £8,523 less than that for the preceding year.

The net expenditure on capital account during the twelve months was £5,522, the principal item being the cost of installing an additional Butters Filter unit at the reduction plant. Against this there has been set £33,276 accrued in terms of the Bewaarplaats Moneys Application Act, 1917, giving a net credit of £27,753. The total profit for the year was £608,841, which, with the balance of £373,447 unappropriated at the beginning of the year, £320 in respect of forfeited dividends, and the credit on capital account just mentioned, gave a total of £1,010,361 to be dealt with. As shown in the directors' report, this amount was disposed of as follows: Dividends Nos. 32 and 33, of 40 per cent. each, absorbed £560,000, Government and provincial taxation amounted to £78,075, and a further provision of £16,236 was made towards the company's outstanding liability under the Miners' Phthisis Acts Consolidation Act, 1925, leaving a balance of £356,050 unappropriated at the end of the year. This balance was represented by cash and cash assets, after allowing for current liabilities.

The company's proportion of the outstanding liability of the scheduled mines in respect of miners' phthisis compensation has been calculated at £170,790, as at July 31, 1928, an increase of £11,613 compared with the estimate made twelve months before. The amount set aside towards meeting this obligation, with accrued interest up to the end of the financial year, was £47,841, leaving £122,949 still to be provided. Apart from the provision I have already mentioned, current levies, etc., paid during the year and charged to working costs totalled £25,187, equivalent to 7.3d. per ton of ore milled.

The efficiency of underground operations has been maintained. I referred at our last annual meeting to the progressive lowering of the average stoping width from 64 inches in 1922 to 46 inches in 1927. Further improvement has been effected since then, the average stoping width being reduced to 44.6 inches in 1928 and to 42 inches during the first quarter of the current year.

The ore reserve, recalculated as at December 31, 1928, totalled 1,814,800 tons averaging 7.54 dwts. per ton over a stoping width of 51 inches. The decrease of 458,520 tons is due mainly to the tonnage mined from the reserve during the past year having exceeded the payable tonnage developed, and also to the reduction of 3 inches in the assumed stoping width.

An energetic programme of prospecting on the upper leaders was carried out during the period under review. The extensive exploratory work that has been accomplished to date has located such leaders at numerous points throughout the mine, but it has been difficult to correlate the individual reefs found in one part of the mine with those found in another, and still more difficult to correlate them with the reefs found in neighbouring mines. The reef known on the New Modder Mine as N.A. (Next Above) 1, being, as its name implies, the leader next above the Main Reef Leader, seems either to have joined the Main Reef Leader in your company's mining area or to be mining entirely. The N.A. 2 Leader which, on the Van Ryn Estates and New Modder mines, appears to be a fairly persistent reef lying about 18 feet to 25 feet away from the Main Reef Leader, is either adjacent to the latter on the Modder B. mine or is separated from it by not more than 6 feet or 8 feet of quartzite. It has been developed at various points and, so far, is the most promising leader that has been explored. Development results have not been sufficiently favourable to enable any portions of the N.A. 2 Leader to be added to the ore reserve, but, over considerable areas on the western side of the property, this reef has been, and will continue to be, profitably mined from the hanging wall of worked-out Main Reef Leader stopes, in the course of reclamation operations. During 1928, 111,924 tons of ore, or 11 per cent. of the total tonnage mined, were obtained in this way from the N.A. 2 Leader and, during the first quarter of the current year, 31,162

tons, or 12.8 per cent. of the total tonnage mined, came from the same source. Special efforts have been made to locate the N.A. 7 Leader, which, on the New Modder mine, occurs about 180 feet above the Main Reef Leader, but although its probable horizon has been searched by boreholes, and also by prospecting raises and cross-cuts in different areas, this reef has not been identified.

Endeavours to locate the South Reef series by means of surface trenching failed, but it was subsequently intersected in a borehole sunk from a point near the centre of your property and also in a raise from the fifth level of the South-west Shaft Section of the mine. It occurs about 300 feet above the Main Reef Leader. The reefs exposed in both these intersections were quite unpayable. Drives are now being pushed out from the raise to develop the reefs, but the small footage sampled to date has also been unpayable.

As you know, a large proportion of the tonnage sent to the mill each month is obtained from sources outside the ore reserve, such as reclamation, or the cleaning up of old workings, and the better portions of blocks classed as unpayable. Although prospecting on the upper leaders has not resulted in any payable tonnage being added to the ore reserve from these reefs, it has, as I have already said, proved an important quantity of ore which can be profitably mined as reclamation tonnage. In the same way, although current development is not opening up sufficient payable ore to replace that mined from the reserve, it is making available considerable tonnages to be added to the "outside" sources of supply. In consequence of these additions, a marked reduction has been effected in the proportion of the total tonnage mined which has been taken from the ore reserve. The actual figures were 57 per cent. in 1926, 48 per cent. in 1927 and 1928, and 45 per cent. during the first quarter of the current year. This conservation of the ore reserve has, of course, an important favourable effect on the remaining life of the mine. I need not emphasize the valuable part which the steady reduction in stoping widths that I have previously referred to has played in maintaining the working profits, despite this lowering of the percentage of ore mined from the ore reserve.

The results of operations during the first three months of the current year were normal and do not appear to call for special comment to-day. The working profit for the period was £145,111 and the total profit £152,463.

I now beg to move that the director's report, balance sheet and accounts for the year ended December 31, 1928, laid before the meeting be received and adopted.

Mr. J. R. Nicholson seconded the motion which was carried. The proceedings then terminated.

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